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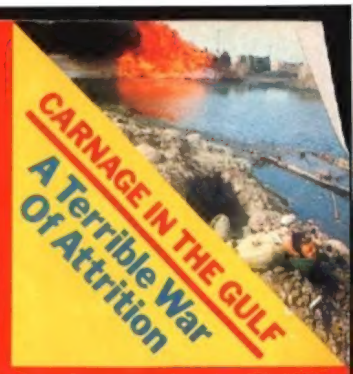

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MARCH 12, 1984 Vol. 123 No. 11 **TIME** THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

# A Letter from the Publisher

During the 7½ years that Mimi Sheraton served as restaurant critic of the New York *Times*, she reviewed more than 900 establishments, eating out some 30 to 40 times a month. One year, she recalls, she dined at home only five times: Christmas, New Year's, Thanksgiving, Mother's Day and her husband's birthday. Last fall, seeking a different perspective as well as a smaller dress size, she left the *Times*. "I wanted to be free to think about food in a greater variety of ways," says Sheraton. "I wanted to travel more and take a more national viewpoint on food than I could at a city newspaper."

While her interest in restaurants remains undiminished, Sheraton, making her debut as a TIME contributor, reports this week on a broader subject: the new popularity of American country-style cuisine, symbolized particularly by the increased use of a pesky Southwestern tree called mesquite as a cooking fuel (*see* LIVING). Sheraton will report on and evaluate culinary trends and will also cover such allied subjects as food trade shows, shifting tastes and new food products and equipment. "I'm especially interested in institutional food," she says, "that is, any place where the audience is more or less captive. That includes schools, airlines, prisons and company cafeterias."

FLORET—PEOPLE

**Sheraton, incognito as usual**

Since she cut free from her newspaper column five months ago, Sheraton has lost 15 lbs. She notes, "My husband and I thought we would enjoy eating dinner at home, but we quickly got to the point where we couldn't look at each other across the dining table. The restaurant experience is more than just eating; it's an occasion and you rise to it. We even found that the quality of our conversation was higher at a restaurant." Now Sheraton and her husband dine out an average of "3½ times" a week. "Ah well," she sighs with resignation, "you have to have a mania about your subject, like the film critic who goes to the movies on his day off."

The restaurant meals, all consumed incognito (Sheraton refuses to pose fullface for the camera, to make it harder for restaurateurs to identify her and proffer extraordinary service), will help inform her next book, a New York City restaurant guide to be published early next year. The book, she says, will take "a different angle" from her definitive *Mimi Sheraton's The New York Times Guide to New York Restaurants*. She is also collaborating with Comedian Alan King on a compendium of memoirs, recipes and restaurant anecdotes called *Is Salami-and-Eggs Better Than Sex?* The answer to that curious question will be available next November, the book's publication date.

John a. Meyer

## Index

**Cover:** Illustration by Edward Sorel







TIME (ISSN 0040-781X) is published weekly at the subscription price of $46 per year, by Time Inc., 3435 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90010. Principal office: Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. J. Richard Munro, President; Thayer Bigelow, Treasurer; Charles B. Bear, Secretary. Second class postage paid at Los Angeles, CA, and at additional mailing offices. Vol. 123 No. 11  POSTMASTER: Send address changes to TIME, Time & Life Building, 541 N. Fairbanks Court, Chicago, Ill. 60611.□□ □□

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**"My dad signed me up as an NRA Life Member when I started shooting. The NRA does a lot to promote the shooting sports by sponsoring events and providing coaches. I went to the U.S. Olympic Training Center for NRA Junior Olympic Training programs. There's no way a kid could stay interested or be able to learn about shooting without NRA."**

# I'm the NRA.


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# Letters

## Andropov's Death

*To the Editors:*

Soviet leaders, since they are not elected by their citizens, do not represent the will of their people but are just spokesmen for the Communist cause. It will take more than the death of Yuri Andropov [Feb. 20] to reduce U.S.-Soviet tensions.

*Thomas C. Corrigan*
*Branford, Conn.*

How can the Soviet government, which claimed that Andropov had been suffering from a mere "cold," be trusted in arms negotiations when it lies to the world and its own people?

*John Lightfoot*
*Santa Rosa, Calif.*


The so-called experts did not know how bad Andropov's cold was or even that his wife was alive. Yet these same bleeding hearts felt that President Reagan should have gone to Moscow to pay his respects to Andropov.

*Bill Mellberg*
*Park Ridge, Ill.*

Andropov. Chernenko. The names may have changed, but the song remains the same.

*Richard M. Guarnieri*
*Lexington, Ky.*

### Fight for Lebanon

U.S. foreign policy in Lebanon [Feb. 20], as well as the world over, has been remarkably consistent. We support the wrong guys, who end up as losers. Perhaps the current Administration should be praised for keeping this brilliant tradition alive in Lebanon.

*Moo J. Cho*
*Kalamazoo, Mich.*

You captured the current world crisis, and in particular the Lebanese situation, when you observed that "America has yet to find a way to use power discriminately and effectively." That is the heart of the

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## Letters

issue. The same lesson needs to be learned by the U.S.S.R. The difference between the two countries, however, is that the Soviets do not care about using power humanely but prefer to exercise their strength through brutality. We are caught in a situation akin to the proverbial contest with the skunk. Both of us get covered by the wretched smell, but the skunk does not care. He thinks that is a powerful nation's natural odor.

*J. Harold Ellens, Editor in Chief*
Journal of Psychology and Christianity
*Farmington Hills, Mich.*

As one who has experienced so much kindness from the American people, I am horrified that the U.S. is shelling a small nation with which it is not at war. This is disgusting behavior.

*Denis H. Stott*
*Guelph, Ont.*

I do not support our total involvement in the war in Lebanon. Yet the removal of our Marines from Beirut is a tragic mistake that endangers our position throughout the world. Pulling out of Lebanon without an effective contingency plan for continued influence in that region will cause our allies to lose confidence in our willingness and ability to come to their aid should the occasion arise. The Middle East is not the only hotbed of ideological turmoil. The effects of our actions in Lebanon will influence foreign opinion and weaken faith in us.

*Elizabeth Kolaczia*
*Santa Monica, Calif.*

Leave Beirut alone. The side you support will inevitably lose. The deaths of your Marines and your American University president, Malcolm Kerr, should be convincing proof of the growing hatred Muslims feel for you.

*Carey McDonald*
*Kingston, Jamaica*

### Olympic Glory

Thank you for your delightful description of George Tucker, the one-man team from Puerto Rico [Feb. 20]. It is a pleasure to read about an amateur athlete at Sarajevo who embodies the correct meaning of the word amateur and who approaches the Olympics with joy rather than grim determination. George Tucker, you are my hero.

*Sara Badger Vann*
*Würzburg, West Germany*

On or off his luge, Tucker has our gratitude for carrying Puerto Rico's flag and representing our beautiful island in the Games.

*Marta I. Rodil*
*San Juan, P.R.*

The 1984 Winter Olympic Games remind us once again that there is no such thing as an impartial judge. Each brings

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# Letters

his own prejudice and bias to the competitions, probably without realizing it. I hope that this country will somehow let Judy Blumberg and Michael Seibert know that even though the bronze eluded them in their ice-dancing feats, they are brilliant gold to their countrymen.

*Margaret Key Biggs*
*Port St. Joseph, Fla.*

Every fourth winter ABC makes a TV addict of me with its coverage of the Winter Olympics. Bringing the efforts of the world's finest youth into our homes is television at its best.

*Kenneth Huber*
*Bristol, Va.*

### Off in Space

Your article on the flight of the spacecraft *Challenger* [Feb. 13] gives me hope. We live on a medium-size planet attached to an ordinary star at the edge of a run-of-the-mill galaxy. Space technology is our key to a greater universe. Earth, as is amply demonstrated by the tragic events that are occurring in the world today, does not have room enough. Only space can unite and save mankind.

*Atilla Karasapan*
*Ankara*

### Stubborn Deficit

In your poll on how the public feels about reducing the deficit [Feb. 20], 44%, or nearly half, of the respondents were unaware that the inflation rate had fallen from 12.4% in 1980 to 3.8% last year. Yet an amazing 80% maintained that the level of inflation would influence their voting decision in the coming elections. This is paradoxical.

*Gregory H. Schuchard*
*Wauwatosa, Wis.*

### Turning On Nuclear Power

Nuclear power may be ill [Feb. 13], but it would be in this country's best interest to call a doctor, not an undertaker. We still must have a diversity of fuels to help meet our growing electrical-power needs: coal simply cannot do it alone. Industry and Government should make a concerted effort to address the problems that plague the nuclear industry. This would include correcting the inefficiencies and uncertainties that beset the licensing process, plant design, management and financing. Now is the time, given stabilized electrical demand, for these groups to work together to reshape the future of nuclear power in preparation for tomorrow's needs.

*James A. McClure*
*U.S. Senator, Idaho*
*Chairman, Committee on Energy and Natural Resources*
*Washington, D.C.*

The problem with nuclear power generation in this country is that a complex and sophisticated technology has been entrusted to public utilities. Over the years, these companies have demonstrated a limited capacity to handle a complicated technology, and have seldom been required to operate their facilities in a cost-efficient manner. The logical approach to the issue would be to entrust the planning, construction and operation of nuclear power plants to firms like the oil companies, which have the resources, the skills and the organization to handle major technological projects. These companies could generate the power and then sell it to the utilities under a regulated formula that would guarantee the oil industry a return on its investment and a reasonable profit. The petroleum business is energy oriented and having it operate nuclear power plants would ensure the best interest of the public.

*Paul Hirsch*
*Natick, Mass.*

### Technology, Not Therapy

I was pleased by the interest shown in the behavioral technology developed by myself and Richard Bandler [Dec. 19]. Unfortunately, Neuro-Linguistic Programming (N.L.P.) is not a therapy, as you called it; it never has been. N.L.P. is a behavioral technology that determines the components of excellence and then develops a system for transferring these qualities to others.

*John Grinder*
*Santa Cruz, Calif.*

### What to Teach

In his book *Horace's Compromise*, Theodore Sizer argues incorrectly that the study of a foreign language in American high schools is "largely wasted" unless there is an immediate use for that language [Feb. 20]. We have a crying need in this country for adults who know a second language. This is particularly evident in our diplomatic corps. Yet foreign languages can be learned most efficiently in childhood, when there is no immediate application for the skill.

*Frank Holan*
*Westminster, Va.*

Goethe taught that we cannot really understand our own language unless we have learned another.

*David M. Schrock*
*Waynesburg, Pa.*

### Mass Executions

It disturbs me to think that a modern society like China would use a primitive solution, mass execution, for its crime problem. Now I notice that some of your readers [Feb. 20] express their support for this form of justice. How can anyone believe that all 5,000 of those executed in China actually deserved to die?

*Julie Coast*
*Tucson*

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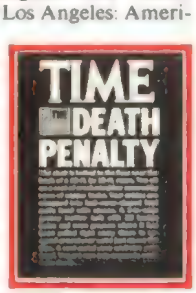
# Dear TIME: A Look at 1983 Letters

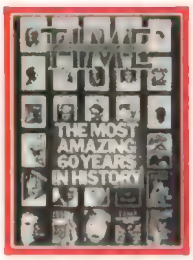
Anyone who doubts that a magazine can rouse the passions of its readers need only sift through a sample of TIME's weekly mail. There was, for instance, the woman from North Carolina who claimed that she broke into tears five times while reading the Nov. 14 issue. Her "flood of anguish" started with an article on funeral services for Marines killed in Lebanon. It continued through the story on the 20th anniversary of President Kennedy's assassination ("I cannot relive those days without terrible pain"); the ordeal of Baby Jane Doe, the Long Island infant born with severe birth defects; an article on criminals who commit multiple senseless murders; and a picture of a Turkish mother and her five dead babies killed in a devastating earthquake. "My heart is breaking," the letter concluded, "but I'll keep on reading."

Not all TIME readers are so loyal or so laudatory, but those who write usually do so because something in the magazine has stirred their emotions. That was true more than ever in 1983. In all, 53,226 readers wrote to TIME last year, a 4% increase over 1982; four cover stories drew more than 1,000 letters apiece, a bench mark reached by only one 1982 story, on the rising fears about nuclear war. For the overwhelming majority of these correspondents, the topics were weighty, the tone serious and the tempers high.

Anger, or at least spirited disagreement, is the most common impetus for a letter to the editor, and reader dissent surfaced early on—with the year's first issue, honoring the computer as Machine of the Year. This break with TIME's tradition of choosing a living human as Man of the Year did not sit well with most of the 1,219 readers who wrote to us; 953 censured the selection. More than one called the choice "unbelievable." Other comments: "To glorify a piece of metal that could some day rule our lives is ludicrous" and "Byte your tongue."

Readers were indignant over TIME's June 13 cover story "Los Angeles: America's Uneasy New Melting Pot." Most of the 1,170 letters attacked what was perceived as the article's "racial stereotyping" and "negative tone." The total was boosted by a letter-writing campaign by Korean Americans unhappy over the story's suggestion that their national group is looked down upon by other Asian Americans. Said a typical letter: "The article fosters prejudice toward immigrants and divisiveness and distrust among the various ethnic minorities."




The story that brought the year's largest response was the Jan. 24 cover on the death penalty. In all, 1,697 readers sent in their comments, and the overwhelming majority—1,009—sanctioned execution as an appropriate penalty for the most heinous crimes. "I, for one, have had enough of our totally inept judicial system and the money-hungry, word-manipulating attorneys who use it so well," said one reader. A number of correspondents claimed that the article was biased, ignoring the victims' rights in favor of the criminals', while a minority (273) argued, in the words of one reader, that "a civilized society, with a fallible justice system, should not impose irreversible sanctions."

TIME readers reacted in large numbers to the Nov. 7 coverage of the U.S. invasion of Grenada. President Reagan's military action was approved 323 to 231 among the 1,058 who wrote. Said a typical supporter: "What it all boils down to is that America is a little safer today because President Reagan had the guts to remove a cancer in the Caribbean."

Other Administration policies got mixed reviews. U.S. covert activities in Central America drew fire from the majority ("We should not be helping bloody, corrupt dictatorships"), as did President Reagan's arms policy ("He seems to be heading us toward nuclear death"). Readers took a more hard-line approach on domestic law-and-order issues such as gun control (most opposed it) and the castration of convicted rapists (most favored it). Yet when the lawbreaking gets closer to home, a more lenient attitude emerges: most of the 477 letter writers who responded to the March 28 report on income tax cheating excused the practice as necessary and right.

A serious mood prevailed among those who wrote in 1983, yet the subjects that caught their attention changed in one dramatic way: stories on domestic political affairs drew 46% more letters than in 1982, while mail dealing with foreign news declined by 37%. The drop reflected a sharp and rather puzzling fall-off in letters about the Middle East, one of the hottest topics in 1982.

Among the feature sections, Religion, Medicine, Education and Video drew the most reaction. Of course, mail does not always parallel interest: the year's biggest seller on the newsstands, "Babies: What Do They Know? When Do They Know It?", drew a moderate 299 letters, only 14th highest for the year.

One subject that elicited a strong emotional response in 1983 was the press itself. TIME readers expressed support for the military's decision to bar press coverage of the Grenada invasion. And of the 965 readers who commented on the Dec. 12 cover story, "Accusing the Press: What Are Its Sins?", more than 500 sided with the press's critics. "For too long now," said one letter writer, "the news media have run helter-skelter past reasonable boundaries of responsible reporting, disrupting the lives and privacy of individuals and jeopardizing the security of this nation." TIME itself was not exempt from the general condemnation ("Shame on you for a cover story devoid of any mention of TIME gaffes and insensitivities"), though some readers praised the magazine for tackling the issue head-on. Wrote one: "Your review of the sins of the press is fairer than we had any right to expect."

Other TIME stories that got heated reactions included the Soviet downing of Korean Air Lines Flight 007 (969 readers wrote, largely to condemn the action) and the National Council of Churches' new "de-sexed" version of the Bible. "Sixteenth century heretics were burned at the stake for smaller travesties. Where is the Inquisition now that we need it?" asked one of the 262 correspondents.

Personalities always cause debate, and in 1983 former Secretary of the Interior James Watt, ex-National Security Adviser (and Watt's replacement at the Department of Interior) William Clark and Comedian Joan Rivers ("tasteless and cruel") drew the public's ire. Yet readers rose to defend celebrities they deemed badly treated—such as the late anchorwoman Jessica Savitch and Elizabeth Taylor ("Why do journalists feel compelled to constantly snipe at Elizabeth Taylor's weight?" chided one).

There were also some pats on the back. TIME's 60th anniversary issue elicited 496 letters (ninth highest for the year), most in praise. "It is the events of my life passing before me," said a nostalgic reader. Nor was it surprising to find one section of that issue singled out for compliments: the highlights from 60 years of TIME's letters to the editor. ■

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TIME MARCH 12, 1984

COVER STORIES

# Now It's Really a Race

## *A dramatic upset confounds the experts and scrambles the Democrats' odds*

What a difference a day makes. Before last Tuesday, Elizabeth Foley had little hope of drumming up many votes for Colorado Senator Gary Hart in Nevada's Democratic caucuses March 13; she headed a totally inadequate band of 30 volunteers. On Wednesday, she snatched a moment away from answering phones to report: "I've had 50 offers of assistance just today."

Before last Tuesday, only 42 Democrats were running as Hart-pledged candidates in the March 20 primary in Illinois, a state that will send 194 delegates to the July convention in San Francisco. But then nine would-be delegates who will appear on the ballot as pledged to California Senator Alan Cranston announced that if elected they would actually vote for Hart; three turned up at a news conference at Chicago's O'Hare International Airport to vow fealty to their new leader in person. By week's end the count of would-be Illinois delegates defecting to Hart had passed two dozen.

After a "cold shower": Walter and Joan Mondale in Boston

Before last Tuesday, Hart supporters at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology considered canceling a campus rally, fearing that few would show up. But when Hart strode on the stage on Friday, his right hand thrust into his suit coat pocket in a J.F.K. stance, 1,200 students jammed the hall chanting: "Gary! Gary!"

The difference, of course, was New Hampshire. Quirkily independent and cantankerous as always, its voters last week destroyed the idea that the Democratic contest would turn into a brief, glittering coronation parade for former Vice President Walter Mondale. In the nation's first primary, it was the lanky, cerebral Hart, incessantly touting his "new ideas," who not only won but won big.

The 101,129 Granite State residents who mushed through wind-driven snow, freezing rain and slush to cast Democratic ballots on Tuesday gave Hart more than 37% of their votes *vs.* not quite 28% for Mondale. Moreover, Hart swept nearly every category of voter; one exit poll found that only those aged 60 or over delivered the expected margins for Mondale. In the judgment of House Speaker Tip O'Neill, a Mondale backer, Hart has pulled off "probably the biggest upset in Democratic politics since [Eugene] McCarthy went up against Lyndon Johnson in New Hampshire in 1968." Says puzzled Pollster Claibourne Darden, whose soundings failed to gauge the extent of the Hart surge in New Hampshire: "It's just the damnedest thing I ever saw."

Overnight, in short, and quite unexpectedly, the Democratic race has become precisely that—a race. A hard one to figure too. Adding up the numbers, it is still difficult to find a state in which Hart can be said to have taken the lead, and hard to count any impressive number of delegates he might win even from those states where he has a newborn chance. But in just the first few days after New Hampshire, the change in the tempo of the campaign, and the atmosphere around the two candidates, was almost palpable.

In the Hart camp, there was the unmistakable air of a campaign taking off—literally. The candidate who two weeks ago had been trudging the back roads of Iowa and New Hampshire accompanied by about five reporters is now flying aboard a chartered 727 packed with a press contingent of more than 60. Says Hart: "The race we're in now is much more like a general election. We're doing three states a day. We're campaigning nationally." Crowds are swelling and looking at Hart with new interest.

The change in atmosphere in the Mondale entourage was equally dramatic. For the former Vice President, the New Hampshire results were, in his words, a "cold shower." He still boasts advantages that neither Hart nor any of the other three candidates remaining after New Hampshire can come anywhere near matching: widely known name, piles of money, nationwide organization, high standing in national polls, voluminous endorsements from party leaders and interest groups. But he has lost his all-important aura of invincibility; if he could be beaten in New Hampshire, he can be beaten elsewhere. That prospect is already forcing Democrats all over the country to think seriously about a choice many had assumed would be foreclosed by the time their states got around to voting. Those who fear that Mondale may be too bland and unexciting, too much of an old-fashioned liberal or too beholden to special-interest groups to give Ronald Reagan a hard battle for the White House now have an alternative—or two.

Mondale's assessment of the turnaround was both remarkably candid and, for him, rather somber. After some quick campaigning in Boston the morning after his New Hampshire defeat, he flew to Washington for a day of thinking over what had hit him. On Thursday, he met with the reporters who cover his campaign and gave them a lesson in what a difference a day can make. The candidate who on the eve of New Hampshire had been hoping to knock all his rivals out of the battle by late March now was claiming, rather speciously, that he should no longer even be considered the front runner.

Said Mondale: "There seeped into my campaign, and maybe even into my own mind, a kind of a front-runner inevita-

**Victory grin from Senator Gary Hart. Said a pollster of his New Hampshire triumph: "It's just the damnedest thing I ever saw"**

bility psychology that maybe people smelled, and that's gone now . . . We're in for a long, tough fight, and it could well go right to the convention. It is clearly a two-man race, and it's very close."

Officially it is not quite a two-man race. The Democratic field did narrow, quickly and drastically, after New Hampshire. Cranston, South Carolina Senator Ernest Hollings and former Florida Governor Reubin Askew folded their campaigns within 48 hours of the tally there, which showed them with fewer votes than Reagan received as a write-in candidate in the Democratic primary.

At least through the next round, Mondale and Hart face continuing competition from one potentially formidable candidate: John Glenn. Last fall's poll favorite to give Mondale a close race, Glenn recovered a bit from his disastrous showing in the Iowa precinct caucuses Feb. 20. He went from fifth place, with less than 4% of the vote, in Iowa to third, with 11.9%, in New Hampshire. The former astronaut and his aides claim some credit for derailing Mondale's bandwagon. Their incessant attacks on the former Vice President as a candidate of special interests and party bosses, they say, finally got through to the voters, though in New Hampshire the beneficiary was Hart's campaign rather than theirs. Glenn has organized and filed full delegate slates in all primary states to retain a chance of capitalizing himself, notably in the South, where many voters may find both Mondale and Hart too liberal. But his resources are coming under strain. In order to switch money and effort into the Super Tuesday primaries in Florida, Georgia and Alabama on March 13 and the March 17 caucuses in Mississippi, where he must run strongly to survive, Glenn last week had to put his campaigns in Texas and Michigan on hold, temporarily closing offices and stopping pay for staffers in those states.

Glenn nonetheless spiritedly called Mondale's talk of a two-man race between himself and Hart "folly." Said Glenn: "I think he's in for a big surprise across the South. On Super Tuesday there are going to be some messages sent that this thing has opened up and it's sure more than any two-man race." Colonel Floyd Man, Glenn's campaign chairman in Alabama, said of Hart's win in New Hampshire: "Anything that takes votes away from Mondale has got to help us." But Pollster Darden doubted that Glenn could exploit the opportunity. Darden's view: "He has been so inept up to now. He punts on the first down quite often."

The other two remaining candidates merely complicate the state-by-state problems of the top three. Jesse Jackson could become the first candidate to run out of money. He finished fourth in New Hampshire, with 5.3% of the vote; if he falls below 10% again in Vermont's nonbinding "beauty contest" primary on Tuesday, his federal matching funds by law would be cut off 30 days later. That date is distant enough to permit Jackson to continue campaigning full-tilt through the important March pri-

John and Annie Glenn: up to third and on to the South, but two campaigns put on hold

maries and caucuses in Southern states where blacks constitute a large proportion of the Democratic turnout. He might win enough delegates to hurt Mondale, Glenn, or both, and possibly even bag the 20% of the vote he would need to get in at least one primary to requalify for federal cash. Nonetheless, the threat of a money cutoff puts his campaign under a cloud.

George McGovern cherishes the hope of once again carrying Massachusetts, the only state he took from Richard Nixon when he was the Democratic nominee in 1972. So, after a fifth-place, 5.2% finish in New Hampshire, he decided to stay in the race through the Bay State primary on Super Tuesday. If he does not finish at least second there, he says, he will quit; even a victory would not make him a serious threat to win the nomination. His presence could be a problem for Hart and Mondale in what has become a vital state for both, less because of its 116 delegates than because of Hart's need to build, and Mondale's to re-establish, momentum.

In and beyond Massachusetts, Hart's difficulties in exploiting his big New Hampshire win will be severe. "The immediate problem is money," said the Senator on victory night. The day after his triumph he flew to Denver to raise cash from home-state supporters. His campaign since Feb. 15 has received just enough contributions to pay current bills and stabilize its debt at an average of $300,000 to $400,000. The Mondale campaign, by contrast, had $2.5 million in the bank on Feb. 1.

Hart barely has the rudiments of a national organization, as evidenced by his ability to file full slates of delegate candidates in only the District of Columbia, Ohio and Puerto Rico. In Iowa and New Hampshire, Hart practiced "retail politics," tirelessly addressing small audiences. The strategy paid off by winning enough votes in those states to rocket the Senator to national attention, but it will be of no use in the big, delegate-rich states to which the contest is now shifting. "There are more people who vote in my congressional district than vote in the whole of New Hampshire," says Edward Vrdolyak, chairman of the Cook County Democratic Party. "Illinois is an election—New Hampshire is a media event."

All these difficulties, however, could prove surmountable. The money began to flow while the New Hampshire votes were still being counted. In an Atlanta suburb, Hart workers who had assembled to watch the results on TV Tuesday night were so enthused by the Senator's sweep that they chipped in $1,000 on the spot and another $8,000 in pledges. "Not bad for a campaign that had been taking in $17,000 a day nationally," observed one.

Organization, while always valuable, is less decisive in big primary states—New York on April 3, California on June 5 if the race lasts that long—where mass electorates can be quickly swayed by newspaper and TV publicity. Says Hart: "People will know about me through what they read or what they see. They don't have to have somebody knock on the door and hand them a leaflet." And people almost certainly will be reading about and seeing a great deal of Hart, thanks to his surprise victory in New Hampshire.

With press and public interest in Hart intensifying, his policies and leadership style will come under closer examination. He portrays himself as the candidate unencumbered by dogma, with pragmatic ideas not easily pigeonholed. Claiming to speak for "a new generation of leadership," Hart says the contest between himself and Mondale is a choice "between our party's past and its future."

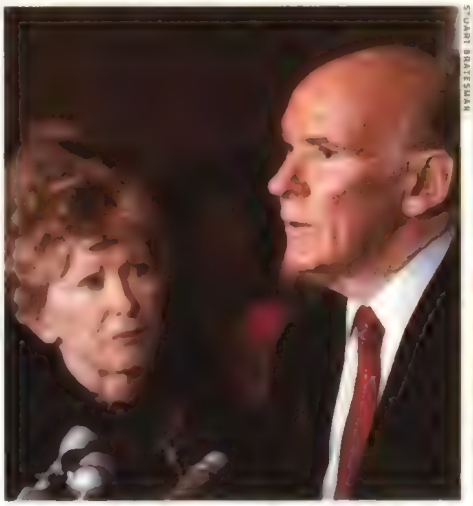
These contentions exasperate Mondale. Says he: "Look, Hart isn't 26, he's 47. I'm not 86, I'm 56." But Hart does seem to be tapping a deep vein of longing for a new accent in leadership, particularly among a group known as Yuppies, for young urban professionals. These are well-educated people in their 20s and 30s who turn out to vote in large numbers and make dedicated, articulate campaign workers.

To many non-Yuppie Democrats, Hart appeals simply by keeping open the prospect of a genuine choice in contests that before New Hampshire had seemed likely to be meaningless because they would occur long after Mondale had locked up the nomination. California, for instance, will choose more delegates than any other state (345), but its Democrats had assumed there would be no race left by the time they voted in the June 5 primary. Hart's New Hampshire victory changes that. Exults Executive Director of the State Democratic Party Michael Gordon, who is neutral: "Now California has been thrust into prominence."

Translating this appeal into delegate strength is something else again. Hart will have to fight through a confusing swamp of delegate-selection rules that vary sharply from state to state. Among the 25 primary states, some, such as Georgia and Alabama, apportion most delegate seats on the basis of the various candidates' shares of the popular vote. In theory, Hart could win more delegates than have agreed to run under his banner, filling the empty seats after the primary. In other states, prominently including Florida and Illinois, most delegates are elected directly by congressional district, in a vote separate from the presidential-preference balloting. Once listed on the ballot as being pledged to one candidate, they cannot shift and appear under the name of another. Thus in Illinois Hart will have to persuade voters in some districts to check his name on the presidential-preference section of the ballot, then go down to the delegate section and look under the names of Cranston or Askew for candidates who now say they prefer Hart.

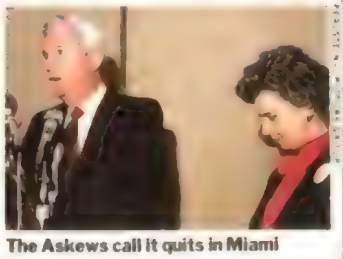
Making up Mondale for TV

Above all, Hart must contend with a system that was deliberately designed, by packing all primaries and caucuses into a short period between Feb. 20 and June 5, to prevent a dark-horse candidate from gradually building strength and parlaying a surprise showing into the nomination. That is pretty much what McGovern did in 1972 (in a campaign that Hart managed) and Jimmy Carter in 1976. Despite the way the system is now stacked, says Hart, "I don't have to win the nomination in March." It will suffice, he thinks, to pick off the majority of a delegation here and there—his first target was the Maine caucuses held on Sunday, with 27 delegates at stake—and win a fair share of delegates in states that Mondale might carry, such as Florida and Illinois. That way he could keep Mondale from building an insuperable lead, and make his real drive in big states such as New York and Pennsylvania in April and California in June.


STUART BRATESMAN

Dropping out: the Cranstons in Concord, N.H.

Hollings exits in Washington



The Askews call it quits in Miami

Paradoxically, the front-loaded schedule could aid Hart in the short term. There will be little time for voters in the March contests to scrutinize his positions; they may jump on his bandwagon just because he is an exciting candidate who seems to stand for something new. Political Strategist Pat Caddell, who is advising Hart, anticipated such a situation early this year: "[If you] come in a surprise second in Iowa and on that momentum win New Hampshire ... there's probably not enough time for the party establishment to regroup and counterattack effectively [before Super Tuesday]."

Indeed, Hart hopes eventually to persuade many delegates to vote for him after they are elected as being pledged to Mondale, Glenn or other candidates. He could do it too. Of the delegates going to San Francisco, 15% will not be pledged to any candidate. Moreover, the party has scrapped the rule that in 1980 legally bound delegates to vote on the first ballot for the candidate to whom they were pledged. Hart can legitimately hope that if he wins enough late contests to be the choice of a clear majority of Democrats by the time the last caucus and primary votes are counted, he can wind up with the convention votes of many delegates who were elected early under Mondale, Glenn or other banners. He scoffs at any idea that "the rules will nominate Mondale if the voters nominate me."

Mondale's strategy still is to run flat out everywhere, hoping to build an insurmountable lead before Hart can collect the money, throw together the organization and capitalize sufficiently on his sudden publicity to mount a serious challenge. Aides still think that Mondale can win as many as 900 of the 1,331 delegates who will be chosen in the three weeks between New Hampshire and Illinois, giving him more than 45% of the 1,967 needed for the nomination before Hart has picked up more than a few hundred.

Mondale will make some adaptations, though. He will seek more meetings with young people, and conduct more neighborhood walking tours and make more appearances at factory gates. Campaign Chairman James Johnson says there will be a corresponding drop in "institutional" appearances, presumably including speeches at labor rallies, though no one will say so. Mondale is proud of his endorsement by the AFL-CIO, but his identi-

## Super Week Scoreboard

With six primaries and 14 caucuses, the week of Mar. 11 is easily the Super Week of the primary season. The prize: 1,019 delegates—more than a quarter of the convention's 3,933 total. Below, a brief guide to the major races.* (C stands for caucus, P for primary; numbers indicate delegate totals.)

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Mar. 13** | Alabama | P | 62 | Mondale wears the union label in the South's strongest labor state. Jackson's push has split black leaders; some back Mondale. Glenn is going for the red-white-and-blue vote. Hart lacks full delegate slates. |
| | Florida | P | 143 | Mondale scores high with elderly and Jewish voters. Glenn and Hart want to inherit voters loyal to Favorite Son Askew. Latecomer Hart has only 34 delegates on the ballot. |
| | Georgia | P | 84 | Glenn is well organized, and Mondale has ties to Jimmy Carter. Jackson hopes to grab black voters, who represent 20% of the total. Hart, whose organization had just one phone last month, is opening new offices. |
| | Hawaii | C | 27 | Only Mondale and Jackson are on the ballot. But lukewarm voters could elect uncommitted delegates instead. |
| | Massachusetts | P | 116 | So far, only Mondale and Glenn are running full slates, but the rules will let Hart and others fill theirs later. McGovern gets sentimental support. Governor Dukakis endorses Mondale; Senator Tsongas backs Glenn. |
| | Nevada | C | 20 | Strong labor ties may hurt Mondale. Westerner Hart hopes to round up at least five delegates. |
| | Oklahoma | C | 53 | The caucus structure favors Mondale's superior organization. Glenn is vying with Hart for Askew voters. |
| | Rhode Island | P | 27 | Labor backs Mondale in this union stronghold. But he must still battle Hart for Cranston supporters. |
| | Washington | C | 70 | Mondale hopes to spark interest with Cranston's no-nukes voters; environmentalists like Hart. |
| **Mar. 14** | Delaware | C | 18 | Glenn gets the nod from most party leaders. Mondale has union endorsements. Hart is scrambling to organize. |
| **Mar. 15** | Alaska | C | 14 | Establishment Democrats back Mondale. Jackson wants high marks from teachers. |
| **Mar. 17** | Arkansas | C | 42 | Mondale is well financed in Razorback country. Jackson has faith in black church support. |
| | Kentucky | C | 63 | Governor Martha Layne Collins hopes to lead a largely uncommitted Bluegrass delegation to San Francisco. |
| | Michigan | C | 155 | Hart plays well on college campuses. Big Labor remains loyal to Mondale. |
| | Mississippi | C | 43 | Glenn rates with Delta Democrats. Jackson hopes to do well in predominantly black counties (22 of the state's 82). |
| | South Carolina | C | 48 | Jackson and Glenn seek votes previously committed to Home-Team Favorite Ernest Hollings. |

*Not included are the American Samoa caucus and mail-in primary for Democrats abroad (both Mar. 13), the North Dakota caucuses (Mar. 14 through 18) and the Latin America caucus (Mar. 17).

fication with Big Labor has been a prime target of attacks by Hart and Glenn, and in New Hampshire at least it seems to have lost more votes than it gained.

Mondale concedes that he erred in televised campaign debates by not responding directly to criticism from other Democrats and concentrating instead on denouncing Ronald Reagan. Says he: "The impression was left I was trying to avoid that debate, being too cautious." He was anything but cautious Friday afternoon, repeatedly assailing Hart by name in a press conference and then in a speech in the rotunda of the Maine capitol building in Augusta. Voice booming, face flushed, fists pounding the lectern, Mondale accused Hart of siding with Big Oil (by voting against the windfall-profits tax and proposing a $10 per bbl. fee on imported oil that would "add at least a full percentage point" to the inflation rate) and of pleasing "the hospital lobby" (by helping to kill a 1979 hospital cost-containment bill). Hart, on a Southern swing, blasted back that his oil-tax ideas were intended to reduce U.S. dependence on imports and "avoid the unnecessary loss of American lives in the Persian Gulf" since fighting might be required to keep the imports flowing. Said Hart: "Apparently, Mr. Mondale's position is that he wants to continue to rely on foreign supplies, and that must mean that if he cares about the country or its security he's prepared to go to war for that oil."

The prospect of a closely contested and possibly bloody Democratic nomination battle cheered Reagan's campaign strategists. Said one: "The longer the Democratic race goes on, the more it serves our purposes. They'll have to spend their time and money fighting each other rather than uniting their side to beat up on the President." Also, the fiercer the fight gets, the more difficulty the eventual winner may have unifying the party for the fall campaign.

But, Reagan's aides admit, there is a catch. They still assume the nominee will be Mondale, and are well prepared for a campaign against him. They will assail him as an old-fashioned, free-spending, solve-every-problem-with-a-new-Government-program liberal, and as the Vice President in the highly unpopular Carter Administration to boot. But just suppose Hart wins? The Republicans have not even begun to figure out what his vulnerabilities might be and how they might attack him. One top White House aide was asking reporters last week, in tones of genuine curiosity: "What does this guy really stand for? Is he more or less liberal than Mondale?" If nothing else, Hart's win in New Hampshire guarantees that Democrats will be asking one another similar questions in living rooms all over the country for the next few weeks. —*By George J. Church. Reported by Sam Allis with Mondale and Jack E. White with Hart, and other bureaus*

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

# Season of Humility

What if the CIA or the USIA had issued a forecast about, say, an election in Ecuador that was as badly botched and misleading as the predictions doled out by much of the American political industry before the New Hampshire primary? Surely the congressional Pecksniffs would be braying for an accounting and the editorialists would be near exhaustion from their labors of excoriation.

This is a season of humility for many of us in the business of measuring the progress of the men battling their way toward the White House. Gary Hart was not supposed to win in New Hampshire because the creators of the modern political spectacle—the consultants, the pollsters and the media—wrote the script, assigned the parts and hailed the preordained result before the vote. The people were told what was going to happen, but they were never properly consulted.

Technical arguments are now being made that the great rush to Hart occurred in the last hours before the balloting. But somehow those elaborate rationalizations of wholesale hesitation and mind changing never quite seem right. Something was there among the voters that was never heard or understood. And not even the possibility of such a dramatic change in preference was given much consideration in the new rites of caravan politics, in which answers are flashed on screens and front pages before the questions are posed to the people. Too many of us have glorified process over purpose, confused assumption with fact, were awed by money and organization instead of meaning. The American presidential political industry is now a thing involving hundreds of millions of dollars, jets, computers, stage sets, packaged ideas, academic theories, bloated egos and brass bands. It forms an immense inverted pyramid whose point comes to bear on the mind of each voter, where the thing often breaks down—as it did in New Hampshire.

PEACE—BUGLESTAR

**A child peers into everyman's temple**

Feelings cannot be captured in a box score, intuition cannot be put in a data bank, whim cannot be predicted. The decision-making process is everyman's secret ritual, forever hidden from cameras, tape recorders and pollsters' print-outs. Indeed, it is often obscure even to the decision maker himself.

Richard Scammon, who may have studied more elections than any other political student in Washington, issued one of his warnings about the New Hampshire primary and favored Contender Walter Mondale, who had triumphed so dramatically in Iowa the week before. But most of us did not hear what Scammon said, or did not fully appreciate it. The Iowa system of caucus voting for presidential candidates is radical, explained Scammon. The Iowans attending their caucuses gather in groups according to candidate preference. Theirs is an open vote, easy prey for zealous organizers and subject to a wide range of human pressures and enticements right on the spot. The secret ballot, which is the very heart of our democratic procedure, was designed to prevent such distortions. The polling booth is everyman's temple, unassailable by blandishments from the outside world if the person so chooses. In there voters can be giant killers. In New Hampshire they were.

There still is much evidence that Mondale's meticulous preparation for this campaign, his bulging war chest and his preprimary positioning by the political industry may make him the inevitable Democratic choice, but New Hampshire has denied the gaudy certainty of those of us in this year's political cavalcade. We might now begin to listen more to what people are saying rather than being so anxious to tell them what they are expected to do. We might study more closely what has already happened and be more cautious about profiling the future according to our prejudices.

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# Acting Ornery in New Hampshire

*How Hart soared, Mondale sank and everyone was stunned*

CAMPAIGN '84

In perfect hindsight, perhaps it should not have come as such a shock. New Hampshire is so small (pop. 920,610) that an underfinanced but energetic candidate can still reach most voters. Only 15% of the state's work force belong to unions; fewer than 1% of the residents are black. Independents can vote in the primary. Voters almost pride themselves on knocking off front runners. In short, New Hampshire could hardly be better suited for an anti-Establishment underdog, or worse for an overwhelming favorite with the backing of party bosses, Big Labor and minorities.

Yet Walter Mondale's aura of invincibility was such that almost everybody forgot about New Hampshire's quirky politics and unusual demographics. The polls contained no hint of an upset in the making: only a week before the primary, an ABC–Washington *Post* poll showed Mondale first with 37% and Gary Hart third (behind John Glenn) with 13%. The Mondale campaign serenely cruised about the state in long motorcades, with scores of reporters and television crews in tow. Hart bounced around in vans, with few reporters and fewer TV cameras in sight. As he wandered into coffee shops, Hart seemed shy and diffident. "Hello, I'm running for President," he awkwardly ventured to one middle-aged woman. "Of the United States?" she asked incredulously.

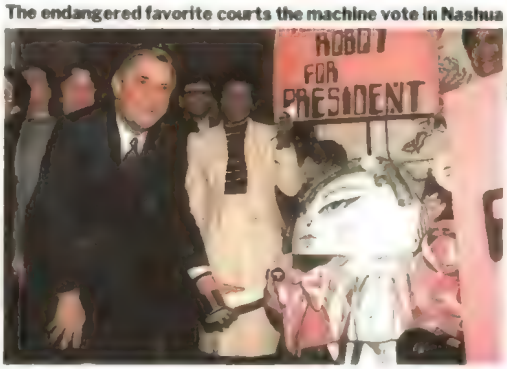
Then came Iowa. Suddenly the voters of New Hampshire saw a way to keep the campaign from ending before it had barely begun. "Hart's showing in Iowa helped me make up my mind," said Lawyer Joseph Dubiansky of Deerfield. "A person wants to think his vote counts for something."

The press, which until Iowa had largely ignored Hart while focusing on Mondale and Glenn, immediately endowed the Coloradan's campaign with that most precious of campaign commodities, free media. Herds of reporters began trailing after Hart. The exposure was almost entirely uncritical, with Hart emerging as a beacon of new ideas. Glenn, meanwhile, had been banging away at Mondale, depicting him as the tool of special interests. Said a Glenn aide: "We almost played blocking back for Hart on this." While Glenn tried to bowl Mondale aside, Hart slipped cleanly through the hole.

Though Hart's campaign was more than $300,000 in debt, the Iowa results enabled him to borrow $50,000 to keep his effective high-tech ads on the air *(see box)*. Already in place was a corps of eager volunteers, 2,000 of whom had canvassed 60,000 households in New Hampshire between October and February. The Hart organization was regarded by political pros as second only to Mondale's. Said Hart Campaign Manager Oliver Henkel: "Iowa gave us the thrust we needed to take advantage of the marvelous organization we had in the state."

The cool Hart grew warmer in the spotlight. He dropped his diffidence and reached into crowds. On the stump he was clear and forceful. "Your sons shouldn't be sent to Central America to serve as bodyguards for some dictator," he declared at a Women for Hart rally in Concord. His oft repeated pitch that he represents a "new generation" of leadership found a receptive audience. New Hampshire's growing population of Yuppies (Young Urban Professionals) made a natural constituency: exit polls later showed that Hart won the under-40 vote by almost 3 to 1. Some 40% said they voted for Hart because he offered new ideas. Those earning more than $30,000 favored Hart by better than 2 to 1.

The endangered favorite courts the machine vote in Nashua




DENNIS BRACK—BLACK STAR

. . . while Glenn presses the flesh on a Manchester street

STEVE LISS—THE PHOTOGRAPHERS

. . . and Hart practices his strut at an ax-throwing contest

STEVE LISS

In the final week, the Mondale camp began to pick up warning signals. Four days before the voting, students at Memorial High School in Manchester aggressively questioned Mondale about his ties to unions and why he seemed to promise everyone something. Mondale gamely insisted that "my hands aren't tied by anybody." Fully half the Democratic voters, it turned out, believed that Mondale was too close to labor. Almost 60% agreed that Mondale "promised too many things to special interest groups," according to an NBC exit poll. Of that group, 54% voted for Hart and only 9% for Mondale.

Mondale's vast organization (1,000 volunteers by primary day, 31 paid staff members, labor support and hundreds of phones) did its job, reaching two-thirds of the voters in the state by phone or canvass. But after the third or fourth phone call badgering them to vote for Mondale, some voters rebelled. As it turned out, only one-third of those contacted by the Mondale camp voted for him.

The shift in voter attitudes intensified the weekend before the balloting. The so-called second tier of candidates collectively collapsed as early supporters began to feel that they would be wasting their votes on Alan Cranston, Reubin Askew, Fritz Hollings and Jesse Jackson. Many of these voters switched their allegiance to Hart. At the same time, thousands of the undecided joined the Hart stampede. Half the voters decided in the last week, and more than half of this group decided for Hart. Those who made up their minds on the final weekend chose Hart over Mondale by 67% to 10%. Even Hart's aides were stunned by the enormous voter swing. "Sunday was the first day I really thought we would come in first," said State Coordinator Jeanne Shaheen. "And I never thought it would be by so much."

The upheaval caught the Mondale camp off guard. For months their man had been fending off Glenn's challenge, not realizing that Hart was quietly stealing a march on the flank. Indeed, Mondale only rarely mentioned Hart by name. Mondale's last private poll, taken the Saturday before the primary, showed him still leading Hart by 12 points, 36% to 24%. No one in the Mondale campaign expected serious trouble on Tuesday.


George McGovern keeps smiling

Mondale had such faith in his organization that he left it to operate on its own, abandoning New Hampshire two days before the vote to stump in neighboring primary states. As Mondale aides later acknowledged, the early exit was a blunder. It gave the impression that the front runner was so sure of success that he could let his minions mop up while he moved on to the next event. Hart, meanwhile, was shaking every New Hampshire hand in sight. On Monday he drew such a huge entourage of television crews on Elm Street, the main drag of Manchester, that pedestrians were forced to cross the street to avoid the crush. Earlier, in Concord, he drew hundreds of enthusiastic supporters to an outdoor rally in Eagle Square Mall.

Mondale said later that "the last four or five days, I could feel something happen." But not until Sunday night, when the ABC–Washington *Post* poll put Mondale and Hart in a dead heat, did the Mondale dreadnought realize it was sinking. "We were pretty surprised," said one top aide. "It happened in 48 hours. It was a trend we couldn't get hold of." As worried aides analyzed the plummeting polls, they began praying for clear weather. A snowstorm would keep home elderly voters and complacent party regulars, Mondale's core constituency.

At 1:44 a.m. on primary day, soon after the first ballots had been cast in Dixville Notch, flakes began to fall. By dawn a swirling nor'easter was repainting the state white after an unseasonable two-week thaw. The turnout (101,129, or 75.8%) was surprisingly large, but it was a Hart crowd: half were under 40, and 40% were independents who went for Hart by 2 to 1. Mondale did carry the over-60 age group, but its turnout was about 10% lower than in the last primary. The ever efficient Mondale organization dispatched 30 cars in Manchester alone and even two snowmobiles in Claremont to transport voters to the polls. Said Hart's Shaheen: "We think the Mondale people turned out some of our vote."

As the returns came in Tuesday night, the Hart crowd laughed and wept while a rockabilly band played in a Manchester restaurant. Months earlier, when victory seemed unlikely, the campaign had rented a banquet room that could be partitioned in case the crowd was small. But 500 people, a fifth of them journalists, jammed it beyond capacity. Hart staffers chatted over the din on newly acquired walkie-talkies, the first sign that the campaign had moved upscale. "I guess we're for real now, huh?" said a staffer, clutching his walkie-talkie.

The happy Hart aides recalled that in the darkest days of 1983, when the campaign was broke, the press absent and Hart all too aloof, the candidate had assured them, "I'll peak at the right time. I'll be good in '84." Said slightly awed Press Aide Steve Morrison: "Everything he said would happen has happened." So far, at least. —***By Evan Thomas. Reported by Sam Allis with Mondale and Richard Hornik/Manchester***

# Playing Video Games

There is no background music, but the theme from *Star Wars* would be appropriate. On a white grid that rolls off into blue infinity, the name Gary Hart appears in silvery letters. With the aid of computer animation, the screen seems to become a book, flipping open page by page. Page 1: a close-up shot of a youthful-looking Hart in a coat and tie speaking directly into the camera. "The politicians of yesterday are trading our future by asking our price instead of challenging our idealism." Page 2: Hart framed from forehead to chin by the television screen. "My candidacy is for those who still dream dreams . . . who will stand together once more to build an American future." Intones an unseen narrator: "Gary Hart . . . a new generation of leadership." Below the turning pages, the letters in Hart's name, glowing like the numerals on a digital clock, never move.

The 30-second "generation" spot was one of seven high-tech ads that the Hart campaign team hurried onto New Hampshire television screens during the last three weeks of the race. They were produced by Washington-based Media Maven Ray Strother, a transplanted Louisianian whose previous clients include Democratic Senators Russell Long and Lloyd Bentsen. "I normally do traditional spots, but they would have looked too much like what the other candidates were doing," he said. "Our spots had to work harder." Each was tailored to a specific audience and strategically aired in time slots close to news, public affairs shows or popular prime-time series. All seven had a rat-a-tat rhythm that sent out an unmistakable message: Hart is a man on the move. "The spots are real, real intense and jampacked," said Strother. "They are so rapid fire that the viewer needs a break to begin to comprehend them."


Strategist Strother with high-tech Hart ad

The ad arsenals of John Glenn and Walter Mondale seemed to pack less punch. After the Ohioan's resounding defeat in Iowa, Media Strategist David Sawyer abruptly switched from a "video résumé" of Glenn's accomplishments to direct, no-nonsense voter appeals. Said Sawyer: "Everyone agreed we had to do something dramatic." Six days before the primary, Glenn taped a five-minute address in the home of a Nashua, N.H., supporter, urging voters to display their Yankee independence. The unedited videotape was rushed to Boston's station WBZ by helicopter seven minutes before its scheduled broadcast time. The spot was expensive (about $25,000 in air time for eleven showings), but well received, according to viewers polled afterward. Apparently it did not reach enough potential Glenn supporters. Sighed Sawyer: "It's hard to target the sensible center."

Mondale's ads, the creation of Roy Spence, 35, a Texas-based media pro, portrayed the candidate as both accessible and presidential. One showed him reeling in a fish and walking down a country lane ("I'm sort of a farm kid"). Another showed him in blue suit, red tie and white shirt, pledging sternly to cut the Reagan deficit. In the background, uplifting music suggested strength. "We got a lot of reaction, both positive and negative," said Spence. "Obviously, we need to do better."

# The Man Who Wears No Label

*With his hybrid ideology, Gary Hart resists classification*

CAMPAIGN 84

Gary Hart embodies a lot of contradictions, and he knows it. He casts himself as the political avatar for younger Americans, yet he was born a decade before the baby boom, and turned 30 in the 1960s, just when people over 30 were not to be trusted. The presidential candidate whose campaign he managed in 1972, George McGovern, ran against the Democratic Establishment from the hard left; now Hart is running against the party Establishment, not exactly from the right or the left, but from off center. "Our task," says Hart's Southern coordinator, David Garrett III, "is to show that Gary is an atypical politician who can't be characterized as liberal, conservative or moderate."

There are personal paradoxes as well. Hart can come across as chilly and passionless, but he turns angry—passionately so—when news stories describe him as "cool and aloof." He has a reputation for humorlessness—and jokes about it. "I do have a sense of humor," he says. "But if you have to *tell* someone you have a sense of humor, I guess you're in trouble."

If it were up to the candidate, such questions of personality would be kept out of the election. Indeed, Hart might prefer a campaign battle between position papers: his policy schemes *vs.* Walter Mondale's and John Glenn's, and may the best ideas win. Presidential politics is never so neat and bloodless, of course. Nor is Hart's appeal strictly intellectual. His political successes are due in some measure to his rugged good looks, about which he is a bit vain. But by and large Hart has staked his candidacy on the premise that he takes undoctrinaire policy approaches, that among the Democratic contenders he alone offers "new ideas and a new vision for this country's future."

The claim is a cheeky one. Because campaign positions are inevitably reduced to sketchy impressions and shorthand phrases, Hart has been vulnerable to caricature as the candidate who merely espouses the *idea* of new ideas. In fact, he bristles with notions about how Government should be run. Some sound sensible and promising, some trendy and impractical. Cynics say that Hart simply rediscovered an old marketing trick. "New faces, New Frontier, New Deal, new horizons," chants Illinois' Democratic state chairman, Calvin Sutker. "It's always good to say something is new."

But Hart's freshness seems more than packaging. Many of his ideas have never been exposed on the national political stage. His emphasis on newness means, in many instances, that he will abandon liberal totems that have been outworn or misshapen. "The pragmatism of the New Deal has become doctrine," he says. "We have saddled ourselves with expedients."

Still, he is usually on the left. The liberal Americans for Democratic Action gives his Senate record a rating of 80 out of 100; Mondale gets a 92, Glenn a 65. Like almost every other Democratic presidential candidate, Hart favors a cutoff of aid to El Salvador unless its leaders put a stop to quasiofficial political murder of civilians. Domestically, Hart says, "I see Government as a problem solver." For him that includes aggressive efforts by Washington to remedy racial and sexual inequities. He has even endorsed the problematic feminist principle of equal pay for comparable work.

**Still "Hartpence" in high school**

Yet Hart's liberalism is not automatic. He is probably more of a "neoliberal." He respects the primacy of market forces and thinks business growth is generally a good thing. He voted against imposing a windfall-profits tax on newly discovered U.S. oil. Nuclear power, he believes, cannot be phased out until the next century, when conservation and "renewable energy technologies" might pick up the slack. Nor is he reflexively sympathetic to labor unions; they are skeptical of Hart but supported him in both his Senate races.

To shrink the budget deficit, Hart has said that social-welfare "entitlements" such as Medicare ($59.8 billion this year) and Medicaid ($20.8 billion) must be reduced. Typically, though, Hart does not advocate simply cutting back medical aid to the poor. He would change the way Government-subsidized medical care is delivered, emphasizing preventive medicine and expanding coverage for treatment at home. Indeed, Hart's fundamental "new idea" is that Washington policy debates too often turn into deadening arguments between fiscal generosity and fiscal frugality. To Hart, the more important question is *how* Government money is spent, not simply how much.

After nine years on the Senate Armed Services Committee, Hart is a specialist in military matters. He favors increasing the defense budget by 4% to 5% a year—roughly what Mondale or Glenn would spend. But Hart, who co-founded the Congressional Military Reform Caucus, offers a whole range of proposals for reshaping the military. First he wants the U.S. to redefine explicitly its global security interests, then to reckon exactly what weapons are necessary to defend those interests. Unlike Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger, who feels the U.S. needs highly sophisticated arms to keep up with the Soviets, Hart favors rugged and comparatively simple weapons. He would build squadrons of nimble F-16 jet fighters instead of expensive, oversophisticated F-18s. He would beef up the Navy in particular, implementing his "maritime strategy" by procuring many small conventional carriers instead of the two $1.6 billion nuclear carriers now on order. He would spend more on unglamorous areas such as pay and supplies, less on vast strategic systems.

His foreign policy is cautious, probably less interventionist than his main ri-

**The triumphant candidate in New Hampshire with Wife Lee and Daughter Andrea**

*"I'm not gregarious. I don't go around slapping people on the back."*

vals'. He called for the withdrawal of Marines from Beirut in September 1982, long before Mondale or Glenn did. He favored the deployment of U.S. Pershing II and cruise missiles in Western Europe, but only reluctantly: NATO solidarity, he believes, is too much at stake to do otherwise.

On nuclear arms control, Hart has well-informed, unhysterical ideas about strategic doctrine. He endorses the development of small, mobile missiles with single nuclear warheads as cheaper and more stabilizing than the mammoth, multiwarhead MX. He favors a freeze on nuclear weapons, but only halfheartedly. "The freeze is a symbol," he has complained, "not policy." His newish wrinkle on arms control: a joint superpower "communication center" in a neutral country, staffed by U.S. and Soviet officers who would make sure both sides correctly understood each other's military moves.

Hart's "industrial policy" is more nebulous. Basically, he would coordinate disparate Government policies (banking regulations, tax laws, research-and-development funding) according to one grand strategy. Some of his specific economic plans are reasonable enough, but others seem almost too clever, as if the candidate acquired ideas wholesale from a think-tank catalogue. Hart recommends bold agreements between labor, industrial management and Wall Street. Fine, but he practically ignores the political and bureaucratic impediments. It might be a good idea to set up a presidential Council on Emerging Issues to address long-term economic strategy, but Hart's high hopes for such a council—he thinks it could help guide capital into high-growth industries—seem misplaced.

Yet he can be clear-sighted in the face of political pressure. He opposes protectionist measures like the pending "domestic content" bill, supported by Mondale and organized labor, that would effectively require Japanese auto companies to manufacture cars in the U.S., creating jobs but raising prices.

In his personal life as in his politics, the past recedes almost to the vanishing point. He was born in Ottawa, Kans., in 1936. Some years ago, curiously, his official biographies began listing the year as 1937; when reporters pointed out the discrepancy, Hart restored the lost year. "I never felt it was an obligation of mine," he says, "to go out and correct it." More curiously still, he was christened Gary Hartpence; in the late 1950s the family dropped the second syllable of its surname. Hart, he says, had been the original, 18th century family name. His parents "decided to go ahead and do it. Lee [his wife] and I agreed."

Hart's father was a farm-equipment salesman, his mother a Sunday-school teacher. At age ten, says Uncle Ralph Hartpence, "Gary could talk to adults and make sense." His boyhood was wholesome and placid: small-town Kansas just before rock 'n' roll, lazy evening drives up and down Main Street, hanging out at the Dairy Queen with Best Pal Duane Hoobing or reading at the library. "He was good-looking and could have been very popular," says Hoobing, who teaches citizenship at a junior high school not far from Ottawa, "but he wouldn't pursue popularity for its own sake." He was clearly in hot pursuit of *something*. He tried four sports, acted, edited the paper, played drums in the band and participated in student politics. "Gary was always worried that at the end of his life he might not have made a contribution," Hoobing says. "There was a fire burning inside him."

Summers he worked on the railroad alongside blacks and Chicanos, acquiring populist convictions. Hart spent four years at Bethany Nazarene College in Oklahoma, a conservative Methodist school, where he was not allowed to drink (he likes margaritas nowadays) or see movies (he is a compulsive filmgoer). After graduation, he went east with his new wife Lee, now 48, whom he met at Bethany. At Yale, Hart was a divinity-school student, then earned a law degree. His missionary instincts took a political turn in 1960, when he volunteered for John F. Kennedy's presidential campaign.

A taste of Washington came next, first at the Justice Department and later at Interior. The Harts moved with their two children (Andrea, now 19, and John, 17) to Colorado, and for a few years he practiced and taught law. But the pull of presidential politics was stronger. First came a heady few months in the Robert Kennedy crusade. Then, in 1970, he took over the campaign of an obscure South Dakota Senator with powerful feelings against the Viet Nam War—"a one-issue candidate," Hart said, "with no charisma"—and miraculously engineered McGovern's nomination.

Hart in 1984 is just the opposite: he has charisma, a sheaf of issues. But even back then, he was drifting to the right of his colleagues. Hart wrote in 1973 that the Democrats' "liberal wing . . . was running dry. The traditional sources of invigorating, inspiring and creative ideas were dissipated. American liberalism was near bankruptcy." When Hart first ran for the Senate, ten years ago, he virtually disowned McGovern, and relations between the two men remain strained.

Hart's sharp-edged intelligence has led him naturally to a campaign that flaunts policy ideas. Yet he has not surrounded himself with issues advisers. Hart is self-contained. Loners seldom accomplish much in the clubby Senate, and Hart's legislative achievements are few. But he is respected by Republicans and Democrats for his conscientiousness and depth. "If I was in the horse-trader business, I don't think I'd hire Gary Hart," says Senator James Exon, a Nebraska Democrat. "He's not a wheeler-dealer.

## Pat Is Back

"He is a friend and adviser, a very talented man, very intelligent, very creative, possibly a genius." The high praise came from Gary Hart. The object of his admiration: Pat Caddell, 33, the former whiz-kid pollster who has become a key figure in the Hart campaign since coming aboard as "an informal adviser" in January.

For Caddell, joining Hart is a homecoming. When Hart was managing George McGovern's campaign in 1972, he asked Caddell, then a precocious Harvard senior majoring in government, to do the candidate's polling. Caddell went on to become a trusted adviser for Jimmy Carter. Sometimes his advice went badly awry. It was Caddell who urged President Carter to deliver his controversial 1979 "malaise" speech, which suggested that the nation was gripped by despair and self-doubt. Vice President Mondale had vociferously objected to the speech, arguing that it was both wrongheaded and politically unwise. Confident that voters responded well to negative campaigns, Caddell in 1980 urged Carter to keep attacking Ronald Reagan as a racist and warmonger. The strategy backfired.

Strong-willed and often abrasive, Caddell last year shopped around for a candidate to run in the Democratic primaries. He sounded out Senators Dale Bumpers of Arkansas, Christopher Dodd of Connecticut and Joseph Biden of Delaware, but none were willing. Last November he devised a poll that asked Iowa voters to choose between "hypothetical" candidates. One was dedicated to traditional politics and special interests; the other, young and imaginative, stressed new ideas and called for a new generation of leadership. Caddell professed surprise at how many people chose the Hart-like candidate in his loaded formulation. Again, Mondale and his aides were outraged. Caddell also circulated a 150-page memo among leading Democrats, arguing that the party could beat Reagan by stressing the new-generation themes that are the core of the Hart campaign.

Hart was leery at first about Caddell, since the aggressive pollster tends to dominate a campaign. But so far the partnership has been smooth. Arguing that Hart was "too boring and issue-oriented," Caddell persuaded him to give his message a "populist tinge." Caddell, says one Hart staffer, "helped Gary sharpen the contrast between himself and Mondale." Says Caddell: "As the campaign got focused, Hart got focused. 'New ideas' is not the issue. New leadership is the issue."

But I like him." So do most colleagues, it seems, despite Hart's shy standoffishness. "I'm not gregarious," Hart admits. "I don't go around slapping people on the back."

His maverick astringency serves to distinguish Hart from Mondale. But governing can seldom be an antiseptic enterprise. According to Lawrence Smith, his former legislative aide, Hart despises "the jukin' and jivin' phoniness of politics." Of course, he has lately realized the value of campaign theatrics. In New Hampshire, he put on red suspenders for an ax-throwing contest, slurped chocolate ice cream with three boys in a shopping mall, shook hands with a store mannequin for a laugh. Some of his campaign mannerisms resemble President Kennedy's, a likeness Hart is happy to encourage.

What really fuels Hart? More powerful than even his hatred of "phoniness" is his supercharged ambition. "He would do anything, including putting out contracts on all his opponents, to get himself elected President," says one friend hyperbolically. Indeed, Hart's self-confidence is astonishing. He believes he is destined to lead. "The more I'm in public life," he said last year, "the more I'm convinced that I'm ideally suited to governing." Steely ambition disqualifies no one for the presidency. "I know I'm going to be President," he said recently. "I just know."

Hart, wearing black cowboy boots and an ersatz Cartier watch, remains something of a mystery man, a cross between brooding Jay Gatsby from the West and *Star Trek's* ultrarational Mr. Spock from the future. "I never reveal myself or who I am," he said in 1972. Hart once suggested his relationship with Lee was "a reform marriage": they have separated twice, and reconciled most recently in the spring of 1982. In public they seem distant, rarely glancing at each other or touching. Hart is an avid reader. Not long ago, a reporter suggested he read *Ironweed*, William Kennedy's prizewinning novel; Hart did. He has been plowing through a biography of Lyndon Johnson and a dissection of Henry Kissinger. Since 1980 Hart and Maine Senator William Cohen have been writing a novel about international terrorism.

In his 1983 book, *A New Democracy*, chapter epigraphs are pulled from Democratic heroes (Kennedy and Franklin Roosevelt) but also from free-market Economists Adam Smith and George Stigler. Hart's hybrid ideology is bracing. Others on Capitol Hill and elsewhere are rethinking liberalism, but Hart is a bona fide leader in military reform, and is making a point of becoming thoroughly knowledgeable about other issues. Is he remote, too tightly wound, cold-blooded? "Emotion in nomination politics," he said before Iowa and New Hampshire, "is the product of success. The day I win my first primary, this will be the most emotional campaign of all." —***By Kurt Andersen. Reported by Tim Miller/Ottawa and Jack E. White with Hart, and other bureaus***

# Belatedly, Jackson Comes Clean

## *But his moral crusade loses luster because of ethnic slurs*

CAMPAIGN '84

It was more a test of morality than politics. For more than a week, the Rev. Jesse Jackson flunked. When asked whether he had referred to Jews as "Hymie" and to New York City as "Hymie town," Jackson said over and over, "I have no recollection." But at a Manchester synagogue two days before the New Hampshire primary, Jackson finally admitted making the offensive comments. "In private talks we sometimes let our guard down and become thoughtless," he explained. "It was not in a spirit of meanness, but an off-color remark having no bearing on religion or politics. However innocent and unintended, it was insensitive and wrong."

BRUCE TALAMON

**With Campaign Aides Barry Commoner, left, and Arnold Pinkney in New Hampshire synagogue**

*After the admission, he campaigned listlessly and finished in a tie for fourth.*

By that time, Jackson's moral crusade on behalf of the nation's have-nots had lost a good deal of its luster. Appearing dejected and distracted, the normally upbeat Jackson stumped listlessly through New Hampshire in the closing days of the campaign and finished in a tie for fourth, with only 5% of the vote.

Jackson did not help his cause in an interview with Ted Koppel on ABC's *Nightline*. "I've listened to many Jews say, looking at the Holocaust, that they went to the gas chambers much too silently," Jackson said.* He was trying to draw a parallel with the persecution and deaths of blacks since slavery days; like Jews, he said, blacks were vowing "never again." His remarks were taken by some listeners, however, as criticism of supposed Jewish meekness in the face of Nazi terror.

Jackson's problems with the Jewish community grew when Louis Farrakhan, head of the Nation of Islam, issued an ultimatum to Jewish leaders last week. Referring to Jackson, who was appearing with him at a Chicago rally, Farrakhan declared: "If you harm this brother, I warn you in the name of Allah this will be the last one you harm. Leave this servant of God alone." Founded in 1930, the radical organization boasted a following of 500,000 in the 1960s but has dwindled to fewer than 100,000. Lately it has moderated its earlier antiwhite views.

Jackson's defenders noted that he has been a target of harassment throughout the campaign. A group called Jews Against Jackson, an offshoot of the radical Jewish Defense League that has been disavowed by leaders of most Jewish organizations, pledged publicly to disrupt his candidacy. Two of its members were arrested for interrupting his announcement speech on Nov. 3 in Washington, D.C. A window in Jackson's New Hampshire campaign headquarters in Manchester was smashed, and his campaign offices in Garden Grove, Calif., were fire bombed. Jackson's life has been threatened.

As he took his campaign into the South for the crucial primaries in Alabama, Georgia and Florida on March 13, Jackson occasionally struck a martyr's pose. The fact is, however, that as America's first major black presidential candidate, he has sometimes benefited from a troubling lack of press and public scrutiny. Wrote Washington *Post* Columnist Mark Shields in an apt commentary: "For uttering ethnic or racial references far less offensive than those allegedly made by candidate Jackson, other politicians have been hounded by camera crews and microphones and harangued by their political opponents. Why the apparent double standard for a presidential candidate who happens to be black?" ■

*Though the Jewish writer Jean-François Steiner, author of the 1967 book *Treblinka*, shares this view, many Jews sharply dispute it.

# Reagan's Left-Hand Man

*Richard Darman joins the inner circle*

Half an hour before Ronald Reagan was scheduled to discuss the nation's money supply with Federal Reserve Chairman Paul Volcker, the President's top aides came into the Oval Office to give a last-minute briefing. While Treasury Secretary Donald Regan and White House Chief of Staff James Baker watched approvingly, Richard Darman went over a typed page containing concise answers to six questions that he expected Volcker to pose. Reagan paid close attention to Darman's script.

A lot of people, both inside and outside the Administration, are paying close attention these days to the bright and ambitious Darman, 40, who had never even met Reagan prior to the 1980 election and who is an anomaly among Reagan's hard-right constituency. In the shake-out of White House responsibilities created by the departure of Presidential Counsellor Edwin Meese, Reagan's last ideological soul mate in the West Wing, Darman continued his steady, determined rise into the inner circle. Says Deputy Chief of Staff Michael Deaver: "Dick Darman is one of the most powerful people here. He has made an incredible contribution to this presidency."

Darman is scheduled shortly to move from his quarters in the White House basement to an office just outside Reagan's. That physical proximity will aid Darman in one of his principal duties, overseeing the day-to-day paper flow to and from the President. The new line-up will also give Darman's mentor Baker a chance to consolidate the making of policy, which Meese nominally controlled, with political and legislative strategies. For the past three weeks, at Baker's behest, Darman has coordinated a daily 7:30 breakfast meeting in the White House mess that brought the previously bifurcated realms of the Executive apparatus together on an effective basis for the first time since Reagan took office. As a result of the changes, predicts a senior Administration official, "we'll be less inclined to go with off-the-wall stuff that cannot be implemented."

Darman's ascendancy is all the more intriguing for his Eastern Establishment background. The oldest child of a New England industrialist, Darman earned his B.A. and a master's degree in business administration from Harvard and entered Government during the Nixon years under the tutelage of his fellow Brahmin, Elliot Richardson. Darman's various jobs in five Cabinet departments included a stint at Commerce, where he impressed Baker, then an Assistant Secretary, with his ability to analyze vast tangles of information. Baker chose Darman in 1981 as his assistant, says Press Spokesman Larry Speakes, because the Chief of Staff "regards Dick as brighter than himself or the rest of us put together."

With brains, however, come doubts, even private torment, about some of the rigidly conservative aspects of the Reagan agenda. Indeed, while he and Budget Director David Stockman were plotting ways to win passage of the massive 1981 tax cut, Darman had deep reservations about a policy that he thought, correctly, would create huge deficits. He justifies his support for those cuts by arguing, "It was strategically important that the capacity to govern be demonstrated." He also coordinated White House efforts to win congressional approval for placing the Marines in Lebanon, even though he internally opposed that decision. Indeed, Darman is at fundamental odds with the Republican Party's right wing, and with Reagan himself, in believing that effectively managed social programs can be an important force for good in U.S. society.

KARL SCHUMACHER

**Darman in his office: more comfortable with ideas than people**

*An ascendancy all the more intriguing for its background.*

While moderates view Darman as a welcome balancing force, conservatives see him as a liberal mole. Says Conservative Columnist M. Stanton Evans: "He has undermined the Reagan agenda." Even a sympathetic co-worker admits that "Dick would feel comfortable working in a Democratic Administration." Friends label him a Government junkie, an operator who hopes to spend most of his life working at the top levels of Washington officialdom.

Darman bristles at the suggestion that he is an ambitious mercenary who works for Reagan only to be at the center of power. "Basically, I'm committed to public service," he contends. "I am a long-term idealist and a short-term realist." He says that he supports the Reagan revolution as "an important corrective" to stop America from drifting too far from a workable free-market economy. "If I had to go home too many nights and tell myself that what I am doing is not right, I could not continue doing this."

Ideology aside, Darman's laser-like political foresight has served his boss well. His supreme self-confidence (he is doubtless the only White House official who cuts his own hair) is accompanied by a razor-sharp intellect. In 1982, during the impending crisis in Social Security funding, Darman suggested forming a bipartisan commission to put the system on more solid financial footing. Currently he is heavily involved in the White House negotiations with Congress on ways to find a "down payment" on the U.S. deficit. Says Deaver: "Darman is the best strategist in the White House when it comes to dealing with Congress." He can, however, be abrasive; some key legislators have advised the White House to keep Darman away from Capitol Hill. "Dick is more comfortable dealing with ideas than people," says one close colleague.

Darman is unusually sensitive to anything that might be perceived as a slight within the pecking order. An aide recalls that Darman became seriously upset when his name was omitted from the official manifest at the funeral of Nancy Reagan's father in Arizona in 1982. His brilliance and ambition are often translated into a scorching impatience with underlings who are inefficient or who he feels are mediocre.

Darman surprised his closest associates last year by lobbying against a contingency tax increase, when some insiders had hoped the President would push to lower the deficit. Some charge that stance was an opportunistic move to make peace with conservative critics. In fact, Darman believes there will be enough economic pressure to force a "big fix" after the elections. That would come in the form of the "tax simplification plan," which would raise money by ending most loopholes and deductions while lowering tax rates. Reagan mentioned it in his State of the Union speech after Darman advocated the idea. The plan's details are far from clear, but colleagues could not help noticing that Darman has already placed a green file folder on his office work-table with the notation, "The Reagan Revolution: Phase 2." —***By William R. Doerner. Reported by Douglas Brew/Washington***

# Fending Off Tough Questions

*Meese runs the gauntlet toward confirmation*

The witness had five weeks to prepare for the hearings. He had made courtesy calls on his most hostile senatorial inquisitors. Thus, through two days of questioning on his fitness to be Attorney General, Edwin Meese last week remained cool, articulate and unsurprised by the questions of critical Democrats on the Senate Judiciary Committee. Barring some bombshell disclosure in the continued hearings this week, Ronald Reagan's longtime aide will almost surely win Senate confirmation to replace the resigning William French Smith.

Still, there were some things that Meese could not credibly explain away. He admitted he had not paid a penny of interest over 20 months on $60,000 in unsecured loans from a trust headed by John McKean, a California accountant he barely knew. While insisting there was no connection, Meese began repayment only after the Washington *Post* ran a story on the curious transaction. Under grilling by his chief antagonist, Ohio Democrat Howard Metzenbaum, Meese conceded that he had never even asked McKean about the source of the trust funds loaned to him. Meese was satisfied with McKean's integrity, he said, since McKean was the personal accountant for another top White House aide, Michael Deaver. Deaver had borrowed some $58,000 from the same trust.

Metzenbaum remained skeptical of Meese's insistence that the loans had nothing to do with McKean's selection on July 31, 1981, to become a member of the Postal Service board of governors. McKean had not been on a formal list of candidates for the part-time position when Meese, Deaver, Chief of Staff James Baker and Personnel Director E. Pendleton James met to recommend board members. Deaver suggested McKean. Meese concurred, and McKean got the job, which pays $10,000 a year. Metzenbaum asked why Meese had not told Baker and James, as well as the President, that he was indebted to McKean. Replied Meese: "The idea there was any connection between the loan and the recommendation by Mr. Deaver of Mr. McKean was so far from my thoughts that it never occurred to me."

**The nominee facing his Senate inquisitors: cool, articulate, but not always totally credible**

*An exchange of gut feeling on hunger, personal loans and racial bias.*

Senator Edward Kennedy called the Administration's record on issues affecting civil rights, women and the poor "a disgrace" and charged that Meese was "a key architect" of these policies. Kennedy tried to pinpoint Meese's role in the controversial 1982 Justice Department decision to reverse more than a decade of federal antidiscrimination policy and permit Bob Jones University of Greenville, S.C., to gain tax-exempt status, although the private school had a policy of racial segregation. In the outcry after the turnabout, Reagan claimed unpersuasively that he had merely wanted to make certain that the Internal Revenue Service had the right to withdraw the tax exemption—a power that few legal scholars had ever doubted. Last week Meese blandly denied urging the Justice Department to change its antidiscrimination position and contended that he too had been concerned only with clarifying the authority of the IRS. Asked Democratic Senator Joseph Biden of Delaware: "Do you believe that schools that discriminate on the basis of race should be tax exempt?" Replied Meese: "Absolutely not."

Inevitably, Kennedy asked about Meese's well-publicized comment that some people who went to soup kitchens were not poor but did so because the food was free. Leaning forward, Kennedy asked, "What does your gut tell you, Mr. Meese? Are there hungry Americans out there, and are you concerned about them?" As in so many answers to questions he knew would be asked, Meese said the obvious. "There are hungry Americans," he replied, "and I am concerned about them." There will be more queries from Senators this week and, presumably, more well-prepared answers from Edwin Meese. ■

# Olympic *Nyet*

*Washington rejects an attaché*

The U.S. decision to boycott the Moscow Olympics of 1980 practically ensured that the question of Soviet participation in this year's Los Angeles Games would be highly politicized. Sure enough, Soviet officials have sought to keep their American counterparts off balance by steadfastly refusing to guarantee that they will send a team to California, even as they went through the preliminaries required to do so.

Last week it was Washington's turn to throw a somewhat ungraceful feint that left all involved feigning outrage. On the very day he was scheduled to arrive in Los Angeles, the State Department rejected the visa application of Oleg Yermishkin, Moscow's designated attaché to the Summer Games. Yermishkin, who served as a first secretary at the Soviet embassy in Washington from 1973 to 1977, was later tabbed as having been an intelligence agent during that period. Washington read Moscow's attempt to place him for a six-month stay in Los Angeles as a clumsy provocation. "He's a spook, a rather bad spook," said one State Department official. Explained another: "If they had wanted to slip in ringers at the Games, this was not a good way to begin it." Officials said that the U.S. would gladly grant a visa to a legitimate substitute for Yermishkin.

Moscow promptly branded the visa denial "a violation of Olympic tradition." Peter Ueberroth, president of the Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee, disputes a State Department claim that he had been informally advised in December that Yermishkin was an unacceptable choice. Ueberroth called the timing of the decision "deeply troubling." U.S. diplomats chose not to pursue the matter. Said one: "We're paid to take the beating." ■

# Open Target

*An officer out in the cold*

He was an honest cop in the Frank Serpico mold. Early in the spring of 1982, A'Roterick McLaughlin, a 15-year veteran of the Chicago police force, went undercover to nab officers who dealt drugs, sometimes peddling the stuff from their squad-car windows. He played the role of a neophyte dealer, wearing miniature microphones when he met with corrupt police. His work led to the conviction of ten policemen and the indictment of three others, none of whom have yet started serving any time in prison. It also made him a target for revenge.

McLaughlin assumed a new name and was relocated, along with his wife and their three children, to a city in Georgia. Now, two years after he left Chicago, McLaughlin is convinced he has been discovered and marked for death. He says that he was stopped last month by three men on a street near his new home. Brandishing a pistol, one of the men ordered him to get into a waiting car. The three strangers drove McLaughlin to a deserted wooded area, forced him out of the car and began beating him, at one point brutally stomping on his head. "Cut his hand off! Cut his hand off!" one of the trio yelled. Recalls McLaughlin: "I came up fighting then. I took off running. I was bleeding everywhere, and I heard a shot ring out behind me." He made it to the safety of a well-traveled street and called the police. But the assault may have permanently destroyed the vision in McLaughlin's right eye.

MARK PODWAL/NEWSWEEK

**Chicago Police Agents Chandler and Howard**

*Whistle blowers who may be in danger.*

Officials at the Cook County state's attorney's office, which paid for McLaughlin's relocation, say the incident was simply a robbery (McLaughlin's attackers did take his watch). "There is absolutely nothing to indicate these three men knew who their victim was," says Assistant State's Attorney John Armellino. "We are limited by law as to what we can do for a witness," says Prosecutor Frank DeBoni, "and right now we do not think this man is in imminent danger."

Thomas Chandler and Victor Howard, two internal-affairs division officers who worked with McLaughlin in uncovering the drug ring, strongly disagree. They also claim to have been threatened recently; a package arrived last month at their Chicago headquarters with cut-up animal parts, two dead fish, and a note reading, "Death for you and yours." Howard says that McLaughlin's assailants knew who he was: "The message those attackers gave him was 'You broke the code, and nobody is going to get away with that.' " A police officer in Georgia who is familiar with the case, explaining why some facts were not included in the public report of the incident, confirmed that McLaughlin is considered in danger and that "maybe someone is out to get him."

McLaughlin, who allowed TIME to use his real name but requested that his current home town be kept secret, has no doubt that his ordeal stems from his undercover work. After pressure by McLaughlin, Howard and Chandler, and inquiries by reporters, Chicago officials agreed late last week to pay for his relocation to a new, undisclosed place. "If I had to do it all over again, I don't think I would," he says. "No one told me it would be this way. I was just trying to do my job, be a good cop, do what I thought was right." ■

# Sneak Attack

*Reporters raid Camp Lejeune*

The plan of attack well rehearsed and thorough. Leaving a fishing cabin rented under a false name, the group of eight split into three teams: two of them rode in vans loaded with unmarked cardboard cartons while the third left in a 17-ft. outboard motorboat. The van teams entered the huge U.S. Marine base at Camp Lejeune, N.C., through different gates and joined forces at the PX parking lot. They stopped briefly at Second Division headquarters, then drove to an on-base junior high school, where hundreds of unsuspecting students were attending classes. The boat team, meanwhile, sneaked undetected onto the base on the New River and, according to plan, faked engine trouble along "Generals' Row," the cluster of riverside houses occupied by the camp's commanding officers and their families.

Another bloody terrorist attack? Fortunately, no—only an elaborate hoax to demonstrate that just such an assault would be almost invitingly possible at Lejeune, home base of the Marine unit currently stationed off the shores of Lebanon. In a story published last week by the Wilmington (N.C.) *Morning Star*, the paper identified the "attackers" as a team of its own reporters and photographers, plus a couple of friends. The "weapons" carried in the boxes were not bombs and guns but pre-written notes designed to point up lax security. At Second Division headquarters, for example, one of the van teams taped up a note in a rest room a short distance away from the office of the division commander, Major General Alfred Gray. "If this had been a bomb, it could have blown up this building," the note read. "Think about it."

The ruse was the idea of *Star* Managing Editor William Coughlin, 61, a former Los Angeles *Times* Beirut bureau chief. After the Oct. 23 truck-bomb attack on Marine headquarters in Beirut, Coughlin became increasingly convinced that authorities at Lejeune were seriously underestimating the camp's vulnerability to terrorism. "Our concern was that there was no evidence of any change in security at Camp Lejeune," explained Coughlin. "The Marines were still thinking like Marines, not like terrorists." Critics of the newspaper's ersatz raid said it was inappropriate because Lejeune is merely a training facility with no strategic value to an enemy. It was not necessary for the entire base to be totally sealed.

ARCHAMBAULT—MORNING STAR

**A van team alights at Lejeune's junior high**

Camp authorities contended that they gained advance intelligence about the phony attack from the FBI and other law enforcement agencies, a claim that is hotly disputed by Coughlin & Co. In any case, insisted Base Commander Major General Donald J. Fulham, there is no way to secure completely a 110,000-acre facility that is home to 40,000 servicemen and their families. Keeping the base relatively open, he said, was important to both the Marines and the surrounding community. To do otherwise would be "disrupting the American way of life." Nonetheless, on the day following the *Star's* story, sentries began searching all trucks and vans at the camp's gates. Said a satisfied Coughlin of his ploy: "Apparently it worked." ■

# Newborn Fever

## *Flocking to an adoption mecca*

Katrina slept through most of her adoption hearing last week in the sun-washed Charleston, S.C., courtroom. Her would-be mother and father sat nervously alert. An attractive, wealthy couple from out of state, they eagerly testified about their four-acre country estate, swimming pool and well-protected play area as proof of their parental fitness. Yet it was Katrina, at 15 months all blond ringlets and neatly pressed ruffles, who spoke most eloquently on their behalf. Waking up in time to accompany the woman to the witness stand, Katrina clung hungrily to her side, cooing "Mama."

Katrina's new mother and father are one of hundreds of couples who flock to Charleston every year, drawn by the promise of easy adoptive parenthood. In most areas of the country, adoption is a frustrating process, burdened by the red tape and interminable waiting lists of state adoption agencies. Although a few other states also allow adoptions in local courts by non-residents, South Carolina offers a unique blend of lax laws, aggressive lawyers and open-minded newspapers that accept classified ads from couples seeking babies. Federal regulations that are more rigorously enforced elsewhere, like the requirement that state officials conduct a "home study" of the prospective parents' fitness to adopt a child, are routinely waived by South Carolina's lenient family-court judges. In 1982 there were six times as many privately arranged adoptions—many of them made by non-residents—as placements made through the state's official adoption agency. To some, the situation has turned Charleston into a notorious baby bazaar; to others, it has made the genteel city a welcome haven for couples anxious to secure a child.

160 Personals

ADOPTION: Loving financially secure, college educated couple. Much love & happiness to give to adopted white newborn. We invite you to live with us. Share our vacations. Live like a queen. All expenses paid. Legal & confidential. Please consider this an opportunity for a new start for you in a booming area (Houston). Local [redacted] or please call collect anytime [redacted]

ADOPTION: Calif. couple both physicians wish to adopt white baby. Expenses. Confidential. Collect [redacted]

Katrina's case was handled by two of the nation's more controversial adoption lawyers: Stanley ("Mr. Stork") Michelman of New York City, who was indicted but acquitted in 1979 of arranging illegal adoptions, and his frequent collaborator, Thomas Lowndes Jr., a well-known Charleston attorney who handles more than 100 adoptions a year. The two attorneys encouraged the couple to place an ad in the Charleston *News & Courier Post*, which carries dozens of classified pleas each week. Most of the ads promise love for the child and remuneration to the mother. All of them end on a desperate note: CALL COLLECT ANY TIME. The couple's ad got a response. And after they spent $12,326 in lawyers' fees and maternity payments, their prayers were answered. Thanks in part to the loopholes in the state's laws, they whisked Katrina home four days after her birth. Some adoptions can be settled in as little as one day.

BILL JORDAN

**Judge Robert Mallard in his chambers**

*"What am I to do? Undo bonds of love?"*

Officials of the South Carolina children's bureau, which handles official adoptions, charge that the insatiable demand for newborn babies and the state's laissez-faire attitude have spawned a new breed of ambulance chaser. These are the "bassinet hounds" who, in some cases, pursue unwed mothers all the way into the delivery room. Complains Francis Lewis, executive director of the children's bureau: "It used to be that we said, 'Here is a child who needs a home.' Now it is 'Here's a childless couple, let's go find a child.' " Lewis fears that couples screened out as undesirable in other states will pass muster in South Carolina's lax family courts. As an example of adoptive parents' vulnerability to fraud, she cites the case of two women from Summerville who are currently serving time for attempting to sell the same baby to two different couples. The unfettered system can also induce young pregnant women, who are offered payments that may far exceed their medical costs, to surrender their maternal rights too readily. Eager parents are willing to pay $15,000 or more to lawyers, "finders" and young mothers. Promises one ad: LIVE LIKE A QUEEN. Says Attorney Kathleen Jennings of the Greenville solicitor's office: "Selling children should be illegal, but in South Carolina it is not. It's only immoral, and that is something we cannot enforce."

Proponents of the system argue that a state adoption agency's handling of an unwanted child often proves far more inhuman. Bureaucratic stalls and inefficiency can condemn a baby to foster homes and state institutions until the infant has outgrown any chance for placement with a family. Says Family Court Judge Mendel Rivers Jr. of Charleston: "Even if baby selling does exist, what's so horrible about that? If the child is going to a home with good parents who can give it all the love and security it will ever need, why should we care if the parents paid $50,000 for the privilege? The child is happy, the parents are happy, so what is the harm?"

State Representative David Wilkins, a Republican from Greenville, disagrees. He introduced a bill last month in the state legislature to prevent the outright sale of children. On the national level, Senator Robert Dole of Kansas last month proposed a bill that will limit fees for arranging adoptions and restrict interstate adoptions. Until some action is taken, however, the courts in South Carolina have the last word. At Katrina's adoption hearing last week, Judge Robert Mallard made his leanings clear. "No one is contesting the adoption, and the child is obviously well cared for," he said. "What am I to do? Undo the bonds of love that have already developed?" Nestling Katrina in her quilted stroller, the couple left the courtroom beaming. ■

# Food Fight

## *A deli? On Park Avenue? Ugh!*

It sounded like a great idea, at least to Kyu Shung Choi: a 24-hour gourmet food store on Park Avenue, at the center of one of Manhattan's ritziest residential blocks. Smelly French cheeses, bottled water, fresh vegetables and, near the back, a few of those gooey snack foods people sometimes need really late at night. And get this: there are *no* other food stores on Park Avenue for blocks.

It was not a great idea. Last month Shirley Bernstein took one look at the busy renovations going on across the street from her Park Avenue place and her head spun. A deli? Not on her block. "Do the residents of Park Avenue want to look out the window at *vegetables*?" she asked. "They most certainly do not." Besides, she went on, "can you imagine the litter?" Spoiling for a fight, Bernstein mailed off petitions to 800 local residents, and called friends at city hall.

Building inspectors soon arrived in droves, finding code violations on almost every shelf. Choi, no chump, halted his renovation plans, complied with each building ordinance and applied to the city landmarks preservation commission for permission to keep his new awning. Then the underdog syndrome took over. While Choi started getting fan letters, Bernstein got 60 obscene phone calls. A writer from *Gourmet* magazine called her a snob. Customers like a little *cause célèbre* with their caviar. Maybe it wasn't such a bad idea after all. ■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THE GULF

# Threats of a Wider War

*Iran and Iraq suffer heavy losses as fears rise of a major escalation*

"From today, the siege of Kharg Island will begin." That chilling announcement by the Iraqi government of President Saddam Hussein last week sent shock waves of alarm to the U.S., Western Europe and Japan, as well as to Iraq's Arab neighbors. It suggested that after 41 months of bloody but inconclusive fighting between Iraq and Iran, the Iraqis had decided to make good on a longstanding threat to close down Iran's biggest oil-exporting terminal. If that happens, the Iranian government of Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini has threatened to retaliate by blockading the 40-to-60-mile-wide Strait of Hormuz, through which 20% of the non-Communist world's crude oil passes. Such a closure, in turn, could widen the war considerably. President Reagan declared only two weeks ago, "There is no way we could stand by and see that sealane denied to shipping."

The Iraqi announcement briefly sent up the prices of spot oil and metals and put pressure on the cost of insurance for tankers. Then Iran declared that no attack had taken place, and U.S. reconnaissance photographs appeared to back up the denial. In a startling communiqué at week's end, the Iraqi military command admitted that it had not struck Kharg Island after all. But, it said, it had hit tankers and other ships in the area. Most diplomats concluded that Saddam Hussein had announced the phantom attack in a desperate warning to the West that Iran must not be allowed to defeat Iraq.

Saddam Hussein has every reason to be worried. Five years after the revolution that toppled the Shah, Ayatullah Khomeini's theocratic regime has consolidated its power at home, settled most of its international debts and demonstrated that it is willing to hurl a virtually limitless number of young volunteers against Iraq in kamikaze-like assaults *(see following story)*. In three separate offensives last week, tens of thousands of Iranians, some of them barely nine or ten years old and armed merely with rifles and grenades, tried to break through Iraq's defenses, only to be cut down by machine-gun and artillery fire. It was one of the biggest battles yet in the murderous conflict.

As the week ended, the bodies of the fighters still littered the ground where they had made their assaults. "Either the Iranians will come to make peace with us, or we will kill them all," said an Iraqi officer. "They cannot take our land." For miles behind the Iraqi lines, tanks, armored personnel carriers and heavy artillery were dug into the brown-gray sand. Iraqi forces seemed to be well supplied. "The Iranians attacked in waves," said the Iraqi commander near a place in the wasteland called Al Azarh, "but they had no chance."

Despite their appalling losses, the Iranians continued to hammer away at the strategically important highway that links Basra, Iraq's second largest city and a key center of the country's oil industry, to Baghdad, the capital. With 300,000 to 400,000 more soldiers massed along a ragged 370-mile section of the border, Iran appeared in no mood to give up.

Amid the conflicting claims and counterclaims, it was clear only that the loss of life has been tremendous. The Iraqis said they had killed 30,000 Iranians, the majority of them young men and boys, in the recent fighting, including 2,000 in one battle last week. Iran claimed to have killed 12,000 Iraqis. The shelling of civilian targets also continued: at least 100 Iranians were killed in several border

**The battlefront: dead Iranian soldiers in their foxholes near the Iraqi village of Beida**

LOCHON—GAMMA LIAISON

**Kharg Island's vital oil terminal**

towns. But last week's toll barely began to measure the human cost of the war. According to an Iranian defector who was formerly a senior official in the country's army medical corps, Iran has lost up to 400,000 troops since the Iraqis started the war in September 1980. The toll for Iran is particularly high because the country relies so heavily on human assault waves. Total Iraqi deaths are estimated to have reached 70,000.

Each side, curiously, feels that the odds favor its opponent. Iran is apparently convinced that Iraq now has the edge in military equipment. Both the Soviet Union and France are keeping Baghdad well supplied, while the Khomeini government cannot replace or repair the U.S. equipment it inherited from the Shah. Many of Iran's naval vessels have either been lost or are out of service because of a shortage of spare parts. According to Washington analysts, Iran now has only 25 working F-4 fighter-bombers out of a prewar total of 190; just 30 operable F-5 fighters out of 166; and five or ten serviceable F-14s of 77 purchased by the Shah.

Iran's attempt to destroy Saddam Hussein by squeezing his country economically appears to have failed. Besides preventing Iraqi ships from using the Gulf, Iran destroyed Iraq's main oil facilities at Fao in 1980. In 1982 Syria, an ally of Iran's, turned off the valve on Iraq's pipeline to the Mediterranean, reducing Iraq's oil exports to a mere 650,000 bbls. per day and its 1983 income to $9 billion. But with some discreet U.S. economic help and huge quantities of money from its Arab friends, including Saudi Arabia, Kuwait and the United Arab Emirates, Iraq has weathered its financial problems.

Nonetheless, Saddam Hussein is not sanguine about his country's prospects. Although he started the war in the hope of toppling the Ayatullah, Saddam Hussein has long since learned that his country, which has only one-third the population of Iran, lacks the might to achieve a victory. His repeated offers to negotiate a settlement have been rejected by Khomeini. Most Western analysts take Saddam Hussein's latest threat seriously: if Iran achieves a breakthrough on the ground, they believe, Iraq may feel compelled to attack Kharg. Saddam Hussein probably could not destroy the facility, since it is well protected, but he could bomb the tankers at the loading docks and disrupt Iran's oil exports. In October Iraq received from France five sophisticated Super Etendard fighter-bombers, which can be equipped with lethal Exocet missiles.

Saddam Hussein's scare tactics have had some of the effect he wanted. Japan held several of its tankers outside the fighting area until it could find out what was happening. The spot price of oil on the world market rose as much as 60¢ per bbl. but later settled back. At Lloyd's of London, nervous insurance underwriters met two or three times a day to assess the situation. They did not raise their rates significantly, but all this could change overnight if attacks on tankers should begin in earnest.

The U.S., to back up its commitment to keep the Strait of Hormuz open, has four ships in the Gulf, in addition to a 30-ship flotilla, led by the aircraft carrier *Midway*, in the Indian Ocean. Early last week the U.S. destroyer *Lawrence*, on duty near the entrance to the strait, fired warning shots when an unidentified vessel crossed its bow at a distance of about a mile. That same day the *Lawrence* fired into the air in front of a low-flying Iranian patrol plane and broadcast a warning to an Iranian frigate after the plane and the ship came within 2½ miles of the American destroyer. Under orders issued in late January, the U.S. asked all ships and planes in the area to stay at least five miles away from American ships.

The U.S. is far less dependent on Gulf oil than it was barely five years ago. Stockpiles, conservation, the economic slowdown and greater production outside the Middle East have produced a worldwide oil glut. Today the U.S. gets less than 5% of its oil, or about 500,000 bbls. per day, from the Gulf, *vs.* 24% in 1979. Western Europe and Japan are more vulnerable: each imports from the Gulf about 2 million bbls. per day, or one-third of Western Europe's oil and half of Japan's. Even so, oil supplies would have to be shut down for several months before serious effects would be felt.

One of the countries that would be most affected by the closing of the strait is Iran, which currently exports 2.6 billion bbl. of oil per day through the waterway. That crude is expected to bring Iran $24 billion this year, half of which will go to finance the war. Khomeini seems to doubt both the seriousness of the situation and the ability of the U.S. to do anything about it. "Saddam Hussein is going to fall," says the Ayatullah, "and neither America nor any other power can keep him in office." Maybe not. But what is worrying is that neither the U.S. nor any other power may be able to prevent two bitter enemies from turning their particularly vicious regional war into a theater of international conflict. —*By William E. Smith. Reported by Barry Hillenbrand/Baghdad and Johanna McGeary/Washington*

**The vanquished: captive Iranian troops, some of them children, after the border fighting**

**The victors: jubilant Iraqi regulars shout slogans after repelling the Iranian attack**

**Iranian corpses in the marshlands**

The fire of revolution: crowds uphold the Ayatullah during anniversary celebrations in Tehran

# A Fever Bordering on Hysteria

## *After five years, Khomeini still seems in full control of Iran's revolution*

Through the streets of Tehran they streamed, the wounded and the widowed, old men and young in the blood-red headbands of the suicide squads, a quarter of a million in all. "Death to America! Death to Israel! Death to France! Death to Russia!" they chanted in unison as Ahmed Khomeini, 35, son of Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini, called for Islamic unity. Thunderous roars of approval arose as young victims of the war passed by on parade, swathed in bandages or seated in wheelchairs. Around them on every side, portraits of a glowering Khomeini stared down to discourage unholy thoughts and whip up further support. The grand finale of "The Ten Holy Nights," February's celebration of the fifth anniversary of the Islamic Republic, seemed to uncork a patriotic fever bordering on hysteria. "Iran is in a state of great excitement," said a high Japanese official who recently visited the nation. "You feel a strong, flaming energy in Iran."

Five years after Khomeini's return from his Parisian exile to seize power in his homeland, his government of once inexperienced revolutionaries seems firmly in control. The ruling mullahs (religious scholars) and some 100,000 Islamic Guards who protect them have, to be sure, lost some of their popularity and remain saddled with myriad difficulties: the fitful 41-month war with archenemy Iraq, which continues to drain men and money; a ruling class already decimated, and always threatened, by tenacious urban guerrillas; 2 million refugees from the front and another 1.5 million from Afghanistan; and the stigma of international isolation. But during a rare ten-day visit to the country, which has remained virtually closed to Americans since 1979, a TIME reporter found that the Ayatullah's regime has managed, for the moment, to weather these challenges with surprising agility. It has settled nearly all its international debts, signed up a steady stream of volunteers to the suicide-running Basij corps and, on paper at least, silenced most of its opposition. "It's really quite amazing," says an American who does business with Iran, "that they are doing as well as they are."

Khomeini at 84 seems to be as unexpectedly resilient as his regime. Living off a strict regimen of boiled potatoes and raw vegetables, he is, say foreign visitors, rosy-cheeked and relatively healthy. His brother, Ayatullah Pasandideh, is still going strong in his late 90s. Though Khomeini has not been seen outside his closely guarded home in the old village of Jamaran for three years, he still oversees every political aspect of his country's day-to-day affairs, while holding court each day before a host of visitors.

In the course of such meetings, Khomeini has exhorted his supporters to strengthen his regime when they cast their ballots in a much postponed election for the 270 seats of the Majlis, or national parliament. Already the mullahs are so sure of their control that they have, here and there, relaxed their stranglehold over cultural life. The local radio station that plays a weekly program called *The Lies of the Foreign Radio Stations* now features Beethoven symphonies too, and the numbingly familiar TV diet of propaganda and prayers is relieved on occasion by plays about Iranian historical heroes. Though even foreign women must don head scarves and can expect anxious nudges from security guards if a single wisp of hair falls into view, some Iranian women have begun with impunity to try on flesh-colored stockings or a touch of mascara. Even notorious Evin Prison, where up to 70 inmates have reportedly been kept in a single one-man cell and 200 killed in an evening, has been renamed a training school and made to seem more glossy than grisly. In honor of the anniversary celebrations, the government issued a four-color brochure showing Evin inmates taking dips in its pool, working out in its gym and enjoying field trips to local museums. Nobody, however, is likely to forget that Khomeini's regime remains politically unbending and brutally unforgiving. On the day of the anniversary parade, 27 supporters of the opposition were secretly put to death in Evin.

Such incidents have become less fre-

**Those who stoke the flames: with the oilfields of Iraq burning behind them, mullahs inspect the Iranian port of Abadan**

quent if only because, as one foreign diplomat puts it, "the mullahs have wiped out practically anyone who is not a mainstream fundamentalist." According to opposition guerrillas, Khomeini's men have executed 30,000 dissidents in all, while keeping more than 100,000 political prisoners behind bars. The ruling mullahs admit to just 2,000 to 3,000 executions, but they have nonetheless systematically eliminated every group that does not conform to their beliefs. Last May they forced the Tudeh Communist Party to denounce itself publicly and disband. In August they suspended the Hojjatieh Society, an esoteric Shi'ite Muslim splinter group that refuses to interpret the Koran in the fashion approved by the mullahs. During the past five years the regime has also incited mobs to desecrate the shrines of the Baha'i faith, drive thousands of adherents out of their homes and kill at least 150 Baha'is.

The mullacracy extends the same harsh treatment to independent-minded individuals. In 1982 Khomeini betrayed few qualms about having his former right-hand man and Foreign Minister, Sadegh Ghotbzadeh, executed; last July, when his fiercest hanging judge, Ayatullah Mohammed Gilani, asked permission to spare 340 penitent political prisoners, the Ayatullah overruled him and sent them instantly to their deaths. The government continues to interpret "counterrevolution" broadly enough to cover a multitude of so-called sins. Homosexuals, drug dealers and unfaithful wives are all targets for the firing squads. A woman who neglects to wear her head scarf may find herself thrown into a "re-education center." According to the much feared governor of Evin Prison, scarred and sunken-faced Azadollah Lajavardi, "Someone who makes a photocopy, or provides a car or a house for counterrevolutionaries, is but a link in the chain of terrorism."

The center of that chain is represented by the Islamic socialist guerrillas known as the Mujahedin-e Khalq. During 1981 and 1982 alone, they succeeded in eliminating 500 government leaders, fully 70% of Khomeini's top brass. But although they have scored relatively few victories recently, the guerrillas are by no means ready to accept defeat. "We are dealing with Khomeini in our own way," Mujahedin National Commander Ali Zarkesh, 34, said in his Tehran hideout to an Iranian journalist. (The group's overall leader, Massoud Rajavi, is in exile in Paris.) "We are slowly suffocating his regime, spreading a creeping paralysis throughout his military-police apparatus." The most wanted man on the Ayatullah's hit list, Zarkesh remains convinced that the ruling clerics could be brought down by a violent upsurge of the same sort of resentment that originally brought them to power. "Upon Khomeini's death," he says, "without awaiting further instructions, Mujahedin cells throughout Iran shall stage an all-out offensive on the regime. Analysts who say that we have been reduced to a small band of assassins are going to be in for a nice shock."

For the moment, however, authorities may be less unsettled by such external threats than by their own internal divisions. The Ayatullah has established 20 different agencies for intelligence and security. All of them jockey for position by twisting Khomeini's proclamations, as well as the Koran, to their own advantage. According to Dr. Ardeshir San'ati, a former full colonel and key medical officer in the Army, who recently fled to the U.S., "The Islamic Guards see Iran as their personal fiefdom and treat all others, especially the armed forces, as their serfs." Since a system of Islamic justice superseded a formal judiciary, moreover, litigants have taken to playing off one capricious clerical judge against another, while powerbrokers have simply taken the law into their own hands. After colliding in a scramble to seize private land, two government officials ended up drawing guns on each other in a courtroom last August. Having effected a shaky truce, the judge declared a 30-minute recess, left the room and never returned.

But the regime's most urgent dispute revolves around economic policy. To the left is a group, headed by Khomeini's probable successor, Ayatullah Hussein Ali Montazeri, 61, which contends that the revolution was, is and always must be conducted on behalf of the downtrodden. They favor redistribution of income, nationalization of foreign trade and land reform. "We please the middle and lower classes," said President Seyed Ali Khamene'i, 44, last summer, "and let big landlords, big factory owners and the wealthy seethe in discontent." Opposing them are the ultrarightist clerics who insist that the Koran unequivocally condemns such socialistic practices. The Prophet Muhammad, they point out, was once a merchant, who said, "The merchant is among God's favorites." The leftists were rebuffed 16 months ago when the social reform bills they proposed were vetoed by the Guardian Council. But last summer they made

In backing the regime, if in nothing else, Iranian women enjoy equal opportunity

Victims of the war, above, and the boys who wait to take their places at the front


up some ground by edging out of power the Ministers of Labor and Commerce, who had consistently supported the ownership of private property.

The matter is crucial because Khomeini has come to realize how little he can afford to antagonize the *bazaari*, the prosperous and traditional merchants who helped finance his overthrow of Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi. Four years ago the Ayatullah sneered that "economics matters to donkeys." By now, he has been heard to confess, "If the bazaar opted out of the Islamic Republic, the republic would face defeat."

In mollifying the merchants, however, Khomeini does not want to shortchange the common man, whose interests he claims to champion. By last year local black-marketeering had become such a fine art that rice cost five times as much in Tehran as in New York. In April, therefore, the Ayatullah issued a withering diatribe against "heartless hoarders and overchargers" and launched a brutal purge against "economic terrorists." Thousands of small traders were fined, imprisoned and publicly whipped; in August two black-marketeers were sentenced to death.

Despite that drive, Iranians still face a wealth of economic anxieties. The government issues coupons for basic rations through the mosques, but those supplies are invariably meager: they include few basic protein items, no more than ten eggs per person each month, and only 3 lbs. of meat each fortnight for a family of five. Thus, people are left with no alternative but the black market, where a pound of mutton sells for $15 and a pound of premium imported tea for more than $150. Sometimes 150 people will line up just to buy oranges. For the average factory worker, who takes home $450 a month, luxuries are even more unthinkable: a pair of jeans can fetch as much as $450, and those who are not lucky in the government lottery must part with $35,000 for a small family car. Meanwhile, senior clergymen are ferried around town in shiny bullet-proof Mercedes limousines, and Islamic Guards drive gleaming Toyota Landcruisers.

To make matters worse, Iranian economists maintain that inflation is running at several times the official 20% rate. Of the national work force of 12 million, 5 million are unemployed; industry, meanwhile, is running at only 40% capacity. The scars from the war with Iraq are apparent on every front: some 3,400 factories in the four front-line provinces have been destroyed or extensively damaged; Iran's largest port, Khorramshahr, has been incapacitated; the disruption of irrigation and the flight of farmers in war zones have caused $1 billion worth of cattle to perish. Yet the regime seems scarcely interested in attending to such problems. For the fiscal year ending in March 1983, the Islamic Revolution Records, os-

A systematic process of elimination: dissident Communists are put on trial

Mass prayers for the faithful

tensibly a record-keeping body but believed to be a front for KGB-trained secret police, was budgeted to receive 60 times as much money as dam construction and harbor repair combined. This year at least one-third of Iran's oil revenues (which account for 95% of its national income) will be used for the war.

At the same time, the regime has worked hard to present itself as an upstanding member of the international financial community. Since March 1983 it has abided by the production quotas and prices set by the 13-nation Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC). According to the governor of the Central Bank, Mohsen Noorbaksh, the nation has cut its foreign debt from $7.4 billion in 1978 to $500 million. In 1983 alone Iran repaid $419.5 million to the American Export-Import Bank and also returned $350 million to France. Noorbaksh claims that within four years of the Ayatullah's takeover, Iran had accumulated foreign exchange reserves of $13 billion, higher than at any time during the Shah's rule. Foreign businessmen, mostly from the West, can again be seen all over Tehran.

Nonetheless, this hospitality is merely a concession to pragmatism. The Islamic Republic numbers among its foreign friends only Syria, Libya and North Korea. For the most part, Iran remains egalitarian in its hatred of both East and West, politically nonaligned with a vengeance. One derisive float at last month's fifth-anniversary parade showed cartoonish effigies of Uncle Sam and a Soviet soldier struggling for control of the globe, and passengers landing at Tehran's Mehrabad Airport are still greeted by a sign that taunts, THE U.S. CANNOT DO A DAMNED THING!

The regime holds firmly to the belief that it is a religious duty to export revolution until an Islamic empire under the banner of Khomeini stretches from the Persian Gulf to the Mediterranean—or beyond. Khomeini supporters were said to have been behind the food riots in Tunisia and Morocco earlier this year; authorities also believe that the Iranian-sponsored Al Dawa Party, a group of Iraqi subversives, organized six car bombings in Kuwait last December. Most alarming, some 2,000 Islamic Guards are positioned just inside the Syrian border, from where they make frequent trips into Lebanon to train Shi'ite terrorists. The government refuses to acknowledge ties with Islamic Jihad, the terrorist group that has claimed responsibility for the suicide bombing that killed 241 U.S. servicemen and 58 French troops in Beirut last October, as well as other Middle Eastern attacks, but Tehran does not hesitate to applaud the terrorists' acts. The October bombing was celebrated in Iran as "the action of patriotic heroes."

Although the regime's expansionist ambitions have been thwarted by the bloody and seemingly interminable battle against Iraq, the Iranian army has remained surprisingly well armed and high spirited. Indeed, the war that Iraq's President Saddam Hussein launched in 1980 to topple Khomeini has so far only consolidated his hold. Some 45% of Iran's 42.5 million people are under 14, and many seem fired by a passionate loyalty to the Ayatullah. Perhaps 50% of the suicide-driven Basij corps are teen-agers; eight-year-old zealots who stay at home may serve the regime by informing on their parents, sometimes sending them to the firing squads. "Considering our opposition to the regime," says a U.S. analyst, "we'd like to see cracks in the foundation. But frankly they're not there."

Divisions may begin to surface once Khomeini is gone. Informed rumor has it the Ayatullah has already sent the name of his chosen successor, in a sealed envelope to be opened at his death, to the 60-man council of clergymen that will formally decide the issue. His most likely choice is Montazeri, the mastermind of the regime's attempts to export its revolution. But the short (4 ft. 11 in.) heir apparent, who is religiously ill qualified and oratorically uninspiring, has failed to excite much respect. Whoever succeeds Khomeini, however, faces what could be an impossible task: trying to maintain the fierce momentum built up by his revolution. Not until that attempt is made will it become clear how much of the regime's strength derives from Khomeini and how much from his ideas. —*By Pico Iyer*

The Ayatullah greets his flock from his suburban home

*Unexpectedly resilient and with reasons to be confident.*

MIDDLE EAST

# Pomp and New Circumstances

## *Gemayel's visit to Damascus signals a Syrian* fait accompli

Red carpets were rolled out lavishly in Damascus last week in a ceremony that marked both a welcome for the guest and a triumph for the host. On the tarmac of the city's international airport, Syrian President Hafez Assad waited patiently as a chartered executive jet glided to a halt and delivered his reluctant visitor, Lebanese President Amin Gemayel. The two men embraced, then repaired to a dais while ranks of Syrian troops passed in review and field guns barked out a 21-gun salute. The solicitous display spoke volumes about the intricacies of politics in the Middle East. Having achieved almost everything he desired in Lebanon, Assad was now making an exquisite show of courtesy and support for the Christian Maronite leader whose U.S.-backed government the Syrian President had demolished.

Assad could well afford the gesture. After months of chaos and bloodshed, Syria was in a position to exercise *de facto* suzerainty over much of Lebanon. In contrast, the Reagan Administration, its Marine contingent withdrawn to the safety of the U.S. flotilla off the shores of Beirut, was reduced to the role of passive spectator.

During Gemayel's two-day visit to Damascus—remarkably, his first since taking power 17 months ago—he and Assad worked out the conditions of the new Syrian hegemony. Chief among their topics was how best to abrogate the May 17 security agreement between Israel and Lebanon, a condition to which Gemayel had agreed in principle before leaving for Damascus. In return Assad was prepared to support Gemayel's continuation in office, albeit within a restructured Lebanese political system that would give more power to the Druze and Shi'ite Muslim opposition groups that have been wreaking havoc in the streets of Beirut.

After four meetings totaling more than seven hours, a Syrian spokesman described the sessions between Assad and Gemayel as "positive and fruitful." Tangible results, he said, would occur "within the next few days." The first fruit of the talks, however, was supposed to be a general cease-fire in Lebanon. At week's end that had not yet been achieved, even though Assad was exerting considerable pressure on Gemayel's chief opponents in Lebanon, Druze Leader Walid Jumblatt and Nabih Berri, head of the Shi'ite Amal militia. By Saturday, however, Jumblatt and Berri had dropped their demand for Gemayel's resignation.

The next result of the Assad-Gemayel talks will be the attempted resuscitation of the moribund Geneva negotiations among all Lebanese factions over the formation of a government of national unity. A spokesman for Gemayel predicted that the conference would begin by the end of this week, "if not sooner." Opposition Leaders Jumblatt and Berri would most likely be invited to join the new government, which Syria has promised to help by extending its rule to parts of Lebanon currently outside Gemayel's control. Once—and if—a unity government is formed, the Syrians have promised to hold detailed discussions with it over the withdrawal of 62,000 Syrian troops from Lebanese territory. Assad remains insistent, however, that full Syrian withdrawal will not take place until Israel removes its 22,000 troops from southern Lebanon.

**Assad and Gemayel embrace at the Damascus airport**

*Other actors could do little but watch and hope.*

Nevertheless, on the sensitive issue of the Lebanese-Israeli accord, Assad showed a pragmatic sense of restraint. Said a Lebanese spokesman: "No decision on abrogation was taken in Damascus." Instead, Assad and Gemayel agreed on further consultations with both the U.S. and Israel before resumption of the Geneva talks. That non-decision was taken to mean that before the Lebanese-Israeli agreement was declared null and void, Syria and Lebanon would offer Israel firm guarantees against the infiltration of southern Lebanon by guerrillas of the Palestine Liberation Organization.

There was little that the other actors involved in the Lebanese drama could do but watch and hope. In Jerusalem, officials unhappily accepted the fact that their agreement with the Gemayel government was a dead letter. They also paid an additional price for the continuing Israeli occupation: early in the week, two Israeli soldiers were killed near the Shi'ite Muslim village of Arab Salim, bringing the total number of Israeli fatalities in Lebanon to 571. Within shattered Beirut, the 1,250 French troops who are all that remain of the four-nation Multi-National Force were told that their departure was probably imminent after the Soviet Union vetoed a United Nations Security Council resolution calling for their replacement by a U.N. peace-keeping force. In an austere communiqué following the Soviet veto, the government of President François Mitterrand declared that "France cannot alone bear the responsibility of the international community in Lebanon."

For its part, the U.S. was left literally bobbing at sea by the passage of events. Days after the last of the U.S. Marine contingent from Beirut International Airport had clambered aboard American vessels offshore, the frigate *W.S. Sims* lobbed a barrage of 20 naval shells onto Lebanese territory. The fire apparently was ordered to protect a small contingent of U.S. gunnery spotters working alongside Gemayel's Lebanese Army. Then the guns fell silent. In Washington, Reagan Administration officials claimed to be turning their attention back to the broader issue of a comprehensive peace settlement in the Middle East, a course of action that conveniently justified a course of inaction in Lebanon. On Capitol Hill, Secretary of State George Shultz nonetheless assured a Senate committee that once political reconciliation was under way in the shattered country, "we will be prepared to provide appropriate advice and support for the Lebanese armed forces."

The last word on the Administration's ill-considered Lebanon policy seemed to come from Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger. On a lightning visit to Lebanon, he commiserated with the frustrated Marines aboard their ships and declared that the U.S. troops had been given "one of the toughest and most miserable tasks that was ever assigned." Without political and diplomatic agreement on a Lebanese settlement, Weinberger said, withdrawal was the only logical course of action. The Marines, no longer part of either the problem or the solution, could only agree. —*By George Russell. Reported by John Borrell/Beirut, with other bureaus*

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CANADA

# A Stroll, a Sauna and *au Revoir*

*The West's senior statesman calls it quits*

After a solitary late-night hike last week through Ottawa's worst snowstorm in four years, Canadian Prime Minister Pierre Elliott Trudeau, 64, trudged home, took a sauna and "just made up my mind." Without bothering to notify the press or his own Members of Parliament he coolly penned a resignation letter to the president of his ruling Liberal Party, Iona Campagnolo. Serving as Liberal leader, he wrote, "had been one of the joys of my life, but I now feel this is the appropriate time for someone else to assume this challenge."

As far back as 1980, Trudeau had promised that he would not run in the federal elections that must be held no later than next March. But his retirement nonetheless took the nation by surprise. During nearly 16 years in office, the longest tenure of any contemporary Western leader, Trudeau has become a national institution, whose glitter has given normally staid Canada a certain image of political élan.

Lately, however, Trudeau's Liberal Party has been battered by criticism for its failure to boost Canada's ailing economy, while the opposition Progressive Conservative Party, under its new leader, Brian Mulroney, has surged ahead in public opinion polls. Trudeau's long-promised resignation amounted to an admission that he was highly unlikely to win another bitter electoral struggle.

With a mysterious half-smile playing across his lips, a trademark red rose in his lapel and gaggles of young women clinging to his words, Trudeau often seemed more a rake than the philosopher-statesman he aspired to be. Still, the rake's progress was remarkable. The son of a Quebec millionaire, Trudeau had played the stylish dilettante who was occasionally known to ride motorcycles until a successful election bid carried him to Parliament in 1965. There such habits as occasionally wearing sandals to work and driving sports cars made Trudeau a darling of the media. When he called a general election, after winning his party's leadership in 1968, Trudeau was swept into office on a tide of delirium dubbed Trudeaumania.

MITCHELL, CANADIAN PRESS

**Trudeau after his announcement**

*Time for another to take the challenge.*

Once housed in the Prime Minister's residence, Trudeau continued to cavort in public. He stunned staid pols by sliding down banisters and squiring young women to chic discothèques. After a secret courtship came his 1971 marriage—since failed, amid excessive publicity—to Margaret Sinclair, then 22.

The playboy veneer concealed keen political vision. Jesuit-educated, Trudeau frequently quoted "reason over passion" as a maxim and often applied it in reconciling the longstanding divisions between Canada's anglophone majority and the French-descended minority concentrated in his home province of Quebec. In one of his finest hours, Trudeau argued successfully for passage of the Official Languages Act of 1969, which effectively established bilingualism as national policy.

Although Trudeau built a reputation as a civil libertarian, he also proved willing to use force if reason failed. In 1970 Trudeau became the first Prime Minister in history to invoke Canada's War Measures Act in peacetime, sending the army into the streets of Montreal and Quebec City to deal with terrorist kidnapings by the separatist Front de Libération du Québec.

By 1975 Trudeau's reputation as a powerful leader had dimmed. In the 1979 election his Liberals lost to the Conservatives; six months later he announced that he was stepping down as Liberal leader, declaring that he "was not the man to rebuild the Liberal Party."

It was a short-lived decision. When the government of Tory Prime Minister Joe Clark fell soon thereafter, the phoenix-like Trudeau was back in power again. In short order he defeated efforts by Quebec Premier René Lévesque to win a referendum on negotiations toward independence for the province. Then, in what may prove to be his most profound achievement, Trudeau overrode powerful opposition from several provincial factions to win a revamping of Canada's constitution, including the addition of a charter of civil rights. More recently, he embarked on a well-meant but unsuccessful campaign to ease East-West tensions, calling for arms reductions and a summit of the nuclear powers.

Those initiatives, however, were not enough to offset voters' growing weariness. In January a Gallup poll found that only 32% of the electorate favored the Liberals, with 52% for Mulroney's Conservatives. After Trudeau's resignation was announced, the Toronto stock market rocketed 16 points. In Washington, where differences of style and ideology with Trudeau have grown pronounced under Ronald Reagan, there were also sighs of relief.

A Liberal Party leadership convention is likely in June. The candidate to beat is John Turner, 54, a bilingual Toronto lawyer and former Finance Minister who has long been mentioned as Trudeau's probable successor. But he will face stiff opposition from other contenders, notably current Minister of Energy Jean Chrétien, 50, an ebullient Quebecker. As the Liberal search for a successor begins, however, some may already be feeling a twinge of nostalgia for the days of Trudeau and roses. —*By Kenneth W. Banta. Reported by John Ferguson/Ottawa*

**Motorcycling in the north in 1968**

**With Margaret after their 1971 wedding**

**With Sons Sacha, Michel and Justin in 1977**

MARGARET TRUDEAU

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EAST-WEST

# Rx Rejected

*Debating Kissinger's proposals*

Anyone who proposes radically revamping a 35-year-old institution can expect to stir controversy, and that was exactly what Henry Kissinger did last week. In an article written for TIME, the former Secretary of State called for a thorough reshaping of the 16-member Atlantic Alliance to give the West Europeans more responsibility for their own defense. He suggested a reversal of the tradition that the alliance's military commander is always an American and its civilian leader a European; he asked Europe to play a greater role in making decisions on arms control and ground defense. If the Europeans do not accept this responsibility, Kissinger wrote, the U.S. should withdraw up to half its 222,000 ground forces from the Continent.

The quickest response came from West Germany. Minister of State for Foreign Affairs Alois Mertes, who is close to Chancellor Helmut Kohl, rejected Kissinger's proposals, saying that "Europe cannot take on more responsibility than its power permits." NATO's military chief, he said, must be an American "because in the case of a crisis he would carry much greater weight with the [U.S.] President than any European." A U.S. commander, Mertes added, "strengthens the credibility of the alliance in Moscow as well."

In Washington, State Department Spokesman John Hughes agreed with Kissinger about "the centrality of the transatlantic defense relationship to Western security and world peace." But he went on to say that the alliance was healthy, its structure sound and its strategy "valid and viable." Assistant Secretary of State for European Affairs Richard Burt argued that NATO had met one of its most severe tests by beginning to deploy new missiles in Europe. Said he: "The performance over the past 18 months has demonstrated to anyone paying attention that the alliance is sound."

The British government declared that Kissinger's proposals were being "carefully considered," but privately officials said that he had "seriously underestimated the extent of the European military contribution to the alliance." The Continent, they argued, supplies approximately 90% of NATO's ground forces in Central Europe. A halving of U.S. troops would be a disaster, they said, because it would cast doubt on U.S. readiness to defend Europe.

In France, Pierre Hassner of the National Foundation of Political Science disputed the practicality and timing of Kissinger's proposals, but he agreed that the problems posed are real. "Europeans have to take greater charge of their own defense," he said, "but that can come only gradually." Cesare Merlini, head of Italy's Institute for Foreign Affairs, welcomed the debate. Said he: "I don't like Kissinger's diagnosis, but I like the therapy." ■

Easing the refugee problem: a family from the East arrives legally in West German city of Giessen

# Reaching Out

*The two Germanys nurture ties*

Ingrid Berg was no ordinary East German, and she did not flee the country like one. With her husband, mother-in-law and two children, 3 and 7, Berg drove the family Volvo to Czechoslovakia, the only foreign country that East Germans can visit without an exit permit. In Prague they headed for the West German embassy, claimed refuge and demanded asylum in the Federal Republic. Then Berg revealed her identity: she was, she said, the niece of East German Premier Willi Stoph, the second most important man in the Communist hierarchy.

The East German government quickly declared that Stoph "had nothing to do with the actions" of the Berg family. Western publicity concerning the defection, said the official East German press agency, was an attempt to poison relations between the two Germanys. Officials in Bonn were equally disturbed by the attention the West German press gave the Berg incident. In an effort to avoid further embarrassing the East Germans, the government of Chancellor Helmut Kohl briefly suspended any pronouncements on the matter. After spending six days in the Prague embassy, the Berg family returned late last week to East Germany. It was generally understood that they had received guarantees of an exemption from prosecution and of eventual permission to leave for the West.

As the Berg case illustrates, the nurturing of ties between the two Germanys has become an increasingly important preoccupation on both sides of the border at a time when relations between Washington and Moscow have worsened. East Germany has sharply hiked the number of exit permits, to about 3,000 monthly, that it allows to citizens who desire to move to the West. In return, Bonn has taken the unusual step of warning East Germans against seeking asylum in West German diplomatic missions. Another East German gesture was a quiet decision to begin dismantling some of the automatic firing devices aimed at preventing escapes along the border. East Germany has turned control of Berlin's entire surface rapid-transit system over to West Berlin. On the eve of Soviet Leader Yuri Andropov's funeral in Moscow last month, Chancellor Kohl asked East German President Erich Honecker to dinner and reissued a longstanding invitation to him to visit West Germany.

Accompanying the small but significant accommodations are the stirrings of a diffuse kind of nationalism. One sign of such interest: for the past five months a book titled *Where Germany Lies*, written by Günter Gaus, 53, who served from 1974 to 1981 as West Germany's first diplomatic representative to East Germany, has been on the West German bestseller list. The attraction of Gaus' memoir seems to be its openly nostalgic quest for a lost sense of German national identity within the economically less advanced East. "People in the East kept what West Germans surrendered," Gaus says. "The power to persevere grew over there, while it evaporated quickly here." Confronted with the relative backwardness of small-town East German life, Gaus muses, "How much more German."

Gaus, now a television interviewer, goes on to suggest that younger Germans should imitate the merchants of the 19th century, who helped unite Germany by using trade to break down territorial barriers. Similarly, he says, peace movements on both sides of the border could "perhaps revive the national identity of Germans." While most reviewers dismissed these suggestions as woolly-headed, the fact that the two Germanys are trying to protect their relations at a time of superpower tension is evidence that, ideology aside, the destinies of the two countries are inextricably linked. ■

BRITAIN

# Happy Return

*Tony Benn wins a by-election*

It was the largest field ever in British electoral history, and with 17 candidates in the race, the ceremonial reading of the results droned on and on. But Chesterfield's returning officer dutifully completed the list, noting without so much as a smile that Pop Singer Lord Sutch of the Monster Raving Loony Party had won 178 votes and College Student Giancarlo Piccaro of the Official Acne Party (its avowed aim: eradication of the skin disorder) had somehow picked up 15 votes. The Conservative candidate, Nicholas Bourne, polled a disappointing 15%, while Max Payne, representing the Liberal–Social Democratic alliance, came in with 35%. At the head of the pack was the Labor Party's Tony Benn, 58, spiritual leader of its militant left wing. Nine months after losing his Bristol seat in last year's general election, Benn was on his way back to Parliament, taking 46.5% of the Chesterfield by-election vote.

Throughout the three-week campaign in the north Midlands mining and market town, Benn had stressed such traditional Labor issues as jobs and health care, avoiding any reference to his more radical positions. These include his firm opposition to the House of Lords (he legally renounced his title of Viscount Stansgate in 1963) and Britain's participation in NATO and the European Community. But on one issue Benn was unable to contain himself. Charging that Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher was planning to "destroy all unions," he condemned the government's decision to ban union membership at the supersecret Government Communications Headquarters at Cheltenham, 99 miles northwest of London, as "a major attack on civil liberties."

The government move, announced in late January, was a reaction to a series of small, short work stoppages in recent years at the intelligence facility, Britain's equivalent of the U.S. National Security Agency (NSA).* Arguing that union membership meant divided loyalties—one Thatcher aide insisted that "the union movement in this country is totally unprincipled"—the government gave Cheltenham's 8,000 employees three choices: accept a one-time $1,500 payment and tear up union cards; retain union membership but agree to be moved to less sensitive jobs elsewhere; or acknowledge that starting March 1, anyone could be fired without compensation.

The ultimatum triggered an outcry from the Labor Party and the unions. Len Murray, general secretary of the powerful Trades Union Congress, declared that Thatcher was "accusing every union member—millions of British men and women—of being disloyal." The protest culminated in a half-day strike last week by thousands of civil servants and public service employees, and a brief stoppage of the national press. Criticism welled up even in the Conservative Party and in pro-Tory newspapers. But by week's end the Prime Minister had won her point and, in the process, inflicted a major defeat on the labor movement: more than 90% of the Cheltenham facility's employees took the $1,500 and dropped their union affiliation.

The Tories' efforts at Chesterfield were less successful. While the party sent some of its biggest guns to help Candidate Bourne, the effort seemed less than wholehearted. From the Conservatives' viewpoint, a victory that would have added one more seat to an existing 144-seat majority in the House of Commons was only a little more desirable than the prospect of seeing Benn re-elected and reigniting left-right tensions in opposition ranks. Said Liberal Leader David Steel: "I don't think Thatcher is exactly in tears that Benn is going to be around messing things up for the Labor Party for the next four years."

Labor dispatched scores of M.P.s to campaign for Benn, but Party Leader Neil Kinnock must have been of two minds about the Benn candidacy. Labor could not afford to lose in Chesterfield, a party stronghold for nearly 50 years. But Kinnock has worked hard during the past five months to smooth over the left-right split in the party, and Benn's return to the Commons might jeopardize that achievement. In the end, the result was probably just what Kinnock needed: a Labor victory, but narrow enough to keep Benn from claiming a mandate for left-wing insurrection. ■

FRANCIS DIAS

**The spiritual leader of Labor's left wing**

*Thatcher will shed no tears over the result.*

*Like other members of the U.S. intelligence Establishment, NSA workers are forbidden to join unions.

SOUTHERN AFRICA

# Free at Last

*A guerrilla leader is released*

Insurgent Leader Herman Toivo ja Toivo thundered an impassioned defense of his activities in Namibia when he stood in a South African courtroom 17 years ago. Last week, after 16 years in prison, Toivo was released. Two hundred supporters of his organization, the South West African People's Organization (SWAPO), lined the streets in a town near Windhoek, Namibia's capital, to give him a joyous homecoming. As he descended from the back of a pickup truck flying blue-red-and-green flags, any notion that he had mellowed in Cape Town's Robben Island prison was soon dispelled. Toivo raised a clenched fist in a black-power salute and shouted the official SWAPO slogan, "One Namibia, one nation!"

**Toivo ja Toivo**

A sturdy, balding man, Toivo is considered to be the founding father of SWAPO, the strongest and most important liberation movement in the South African–occupied territory of Namibia once known as South West Africa. Its goal: to expel South Africa from the territory and achieve independence. Religious groups and political leaders have long sought the release of Toivo, whose name has become synonymous with their struggle. "Toivo," says Kenneth Abrahams of the Namibian Independence Party, "exists as a legendary figure in the minds of most Namibians."

The release—four years early—stunned SWAPO officials and diplomats in London and the United Nations. Toivo made it clear that he felt he had been freed as a blatant propaganda ploy by South Africa, which has been trying to prove to U.S. diplomats that it is making good-faith efforts to negotiate with the guerrillas. Whatever the motives, Toivo's release is the latest in a series of fast-moving events that promises to alter radically the diplomatic, political and military situation in Southern Africa, long troubled by the hostile relationships between white-ruled South Africa and its black-governed neighbors.

Political analysts have felt that Toivo's release would take place as part of an international package that would lead to Namibian independence. Yet they have also speculated that South Africa might let Toivo out of prison as a means of causing a split in SWAPO leadership. If that is the case, the South African government could not have chosen a better time to weaken the guerrilla organization: negotiations for Namibia's independence could begin at any time. ■

SOVIET UNION

# One Party, One Vote

*It's election time, but no dark horses run on this turf*

At a time when New Hampshire primary voters were heading for the polls, a pleasantly round-faced woman economist named Zinaida Vladimirova Baturina waited for a trolleybus outside the Moscow office building where she works. It was 5 p.m. in the Soviet capital, and the orange glow of twilight hung in the western sky. Twenty minutes later Zinaida Vladimirova reached her destination, a neighborhood campaign office. She had promised to put in an evening's work as an *agitator* (local volunteer) in the windup of this week's election of 1,500 deputies to the Supreme Soviet. As she settled beside the telephone, she prepared to advise voters on how to mark their ballots before putting them into the *urna* (ballot box).

New Hampshire it is not. In Soviet elections there are no races among the candidates, no startling upsets in the making, no dark horses snorting in anticipation of last-minute runs. Ever since Lenin dissolved the freely elected Constituent Assembly in 1918, the U.S.S.R. has been ruled through interlocking hierarchies: the non-elected Communist Party Politburo and Central Committee, and the 1,500-member Supreme Soviet, which meets in full session only about 48 hours a year. Still, the Soviets insist on going through the motions of an election for this nominal parliament, if only to pay homage to the trappings of democracy. If it were not for the fact that there is practically no freedom of choice, the Soviet electoral process would look almost normal.

Getting a 100% turnout of all eligible voters 18 or older is the main task of the million or so *agitatori* attached to the Soviet Union's 176,982 electoral commissions. During the 60-day preparation for the elections, teams of two or three *agitatori* visit every household, from the fruit farms of Moldavia on the Rumanian border to the Eskimo fishing villages of Kamchatka on the Pacific. Some ward-level political banter takes place during these house calls. Irate voters are likely to grumble, "The hot-water system doesn't work here" or "When are we going to get a bigger apartment?" Since all urban dwellings in the Soviet Union are assigned by the state, the *agitatori* are targets for this kind of consumer frustration, and in theory at least, they report the complaints and requests of the electors to local authorities.

TASS

**Soviet Leader Chernenko with his wife Anna, daughter Yelena and grandson Dmitri**

*Rallies and stump oratory have dominated TV, but there is just one electoral pitch.*

Very rarely does a Soviet tell the *agitatori* that he or she does not intend to vote. In Stalin's time, not voting literally led to a midnight knock on the door and a one-way ticket to Siberia. Now there are no overt punishments, but a notation may be entered in the non-voter's police file.

The voters can drop the ballots into the *urna* without marking them, signifying assent, or they can step into the booth and cross out the name of the approved candidate, even going so far as to write in another name. The catch-22 is that write-in candidates have no chance; all winners need official approval. The only suspense is how close to 100% each district can come. Anything below a 99% turnout is unthinkable. After the last elections, in 1979, TASS reported a 99.99% turnout, with 174,734,459 people voting for the official candidate and 185,422 either voting against or writing in another name.

Since only approved candidates' names appear on the ballot and election is automatic, no campaigning would seem to be in order. But candidates' rallies and oratory have dominated TV and newspapers for the past two months. Unlike America's stump-weary Democratic candidates, Soviet leaders are required to make just one electoral pitch. As General Secretary, silver-haired Konstantin Chernenko last week delivered the campaign's climactic oration from the Kremlin's vast, 6,000-seat Palace of Congresses. For a full hour, the new head of the Communist Party sat stolidly on the platform with other Politburo members as upstanding citizens from his electoral district praised him in orotund paeans familiar to Socialist pols the world over: "Dear Comrade Chernenko . . . an outstanding leader of our time . . . in the struggle for peace . . ."

So dull are these speeches, so predictable the phrases, that Soviet audiences sit through them like carved figures, springing back to life only to applaud on cue. Yet the honor of being invited to share in the ritual is reflected in the faces of these electricians, soldiers and schoolteachers. There is no political humor. Chernenko went only so far as to wave to the audience with grandfatherly benediction before walking stiffly to the lectern and launching into his speech.

Hurrying along in his distinctly breathless, halting style, he repeated Yuri Andropov's call to modernize industry and predictably chided the U.S. for "blatant militarism" and "claims to world domination." After these familiar charges, however, he called on the U.S. to "prove its peaceful intentions by deeds"—accepting, for example, a nuclear freeze. At this point he lost his way and fell silent for a full 30 seconds, while the embarrassed audience sat as expressionless as dolls. Finally Chernenko stumbled into what may have been intended as a diplomatic overture. Without referring to an important Soviet concession made in January that could open the way to on-site inspection of chemical-weapons stocks, Chernenko said that "prerequisites are beginning to ripen" for signing a total ban on chemical weapons. Along with other accords, such a ban could "signal the start of a dramatic improvement in Soviet-American relations."

Within the next 60 days the Supreme Soviet is likely to elect a new President, to succeed Andropov. Some Western diplomats expect Chernenko to get the post. Others believe it will be parceled out as part of a power-sharing agreement made when Chernenko was elected head of the Communist Party on Feb. 13. Either way, the deputies will raise their forearms en masse when asked, "All those voting in favor?" —*By Erik Amfitheatrof/Moscow*

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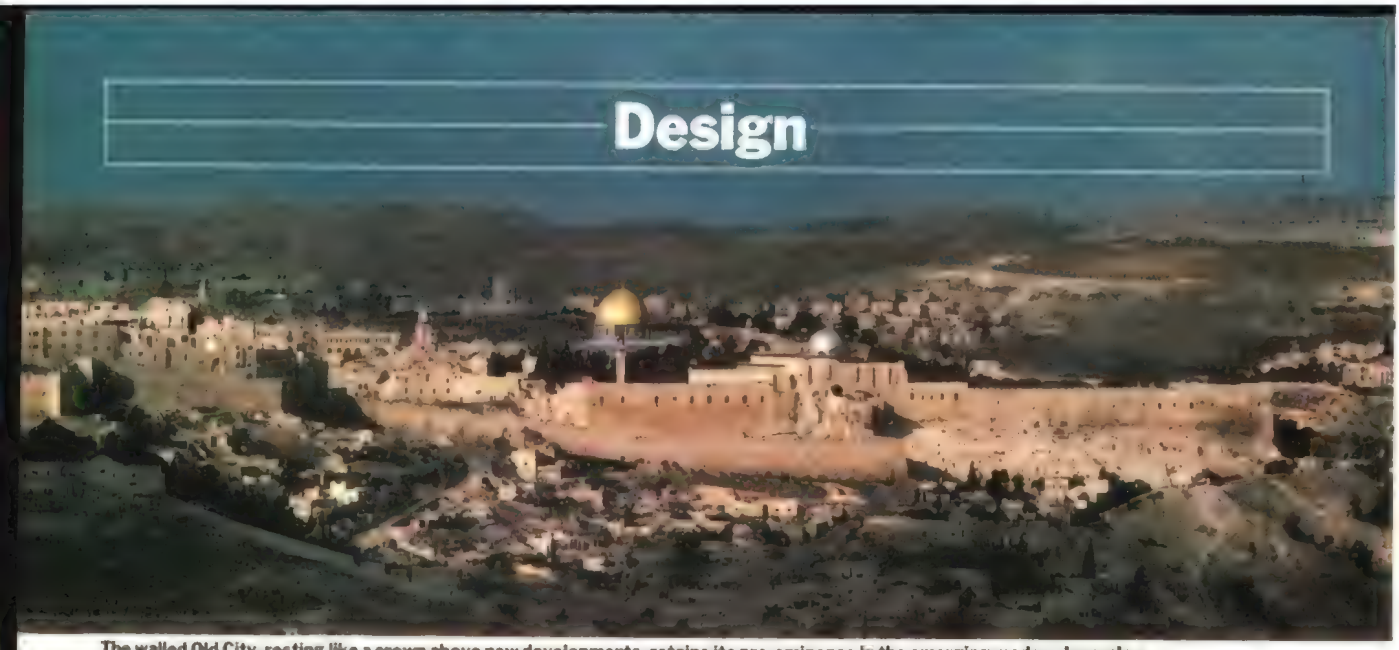


The walled Old City, resting like a crown above new developments, retains its pre-eminence in the emerging modern Jerusalem

## Blending Past and Present

*Jerusalem is becoming a showcase of enlightened planning*

Not all news from the Middle East is atrocious. Amid turmoil, inflation and internal dissension, unperturbed by recent terrorist bombings in West Jerusalem, some Israelis are persistent in building a truly modern city whose past is a living part of the present.

Officially divided in 1949 as a result of the Israeli-Jordanian armistice agreement, Jerusalem was reunited by the Israelis in the Six-Day War of 1967. The city's urban designers now see their task as the creation of a city so livable and so interwoven that no one will ever want or be able to divide it again. This is being accomplished cooperatively by Jews, Muslims and Christians, whose often volatile emotions are embedded in every stone.

"At first, in the euphoria of clearing minefields and barbed-wire fences," says Jerusalem's city engineer and chief planner, Amnon Niv, "we shared the conventional modern planning wisdom that progress comes rushing down on a network of superhighways and that affluence shoots up only in skyscrapers." Jerusalem's mayor, Teddy Kollek, recalls that David Ben-Gurion, who had been Israel's first Prime Minister, even talked of demolishing the Old City wall to make Jerusalem free and open.

But the Israeli planners soon turned to studying Jerusalem's needs instead of international-style manifestoes to fashion their own city rather than another Brasilia. Heeding Historian Lewis Mumford's advice, they looked not to Baron Haussmann, who in the mid-19th century modernized Paris by cutting boulevards through the city's medieval fabric, but to *Isaiah 65: 19, 21:* "And I will rejoice in Jerusalem and joy in my people . . . and they shall build houses, and inhabit them."

In the walled Old City, which rests like a crown above the new sectors, modern buildings mingle harmoniously with ancient shrines and even millenniums-old archaeological finds. Beyond the restored wall, a few bare and square high-rises and housing projects, built during the '60s, mar the serene drama of the biblical landscape with its cypresses, legendary hills and craggy valleys. But almost everything else built since reunification shows respect for history and nature as well as hope for human harmony.

The shift from an emphasis on technocratic grandiosity to humanistic sensitivity, an approach that other cities might heed, is largely due to the work of the Jerusalem Committee, initiated in 1968 by Mayor Kollek. The group is made up of some 100 architects, urbanists, historians and theologians from 25 countries; its members include Mumford, Architect Philip Johnson, the Rev. Theodore M. Hesburgh of the University of Notre Dame, former CBS Chairman William S. Paley and German Educator Hellmut Becker. Asking the committee's advice is Kollek's way of saying that Jerusalem belongs not only to Jews but to world civilization. Said the mayor to the committee after the first meeting: "You are like parents trying to tell your children not to make the same mistakes you made."

New housing built in its historic context

Shopping arcade of Gilo, a new neighborhood, reflects Jerusalem's unique architectural style

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY DAVID RUBINGER

Kollek opposes his national government's policy of planting Jewish settlements on the West Bank, only a few miles from Jerusalem's city limits, because they "sap strength and people from our national capital." His One City plan for the development of the greater capital area would create an urban environment where human values are not run over by automobiles and where Jewish, Muslim and Christian neighborhoods form a cohesive entity. City districts are bonded by bustling streets that serve both traffic and shopping, as well as parks and recreation areas that provide contact and interaction. Says Kollek, extravagantly: "We are not trying to create a monolithic melting pot but a multicultural mosaic in a pluralistic society."

Like virtually every other city today, Jerusalem is beset by traffic jams, insufficient parking, illegal building and lack of maintenance. Yet Kollek's new planning approach is aesthetically successful, largely because it recognizes and emphasizes Jerusalem's two most striking aspects: its uniform golden color, which assures the blending of old and new, and the solemn majesty of the Old City wall, which symbolizes the pre-eminence of the Jerusalem where Jews built their first Temple, Christians mark the Resurrection, and Muslims commemorate Muhammad's ascension to heaven.

Prior to 1947, The British began restoration of the badly eroded wall, which was built by Suleiman the Magnificent in the 16th century on Roman ruins that are 1,400 years older. The Israelis have completed the wall's restoration and built a safe walkway on its ramparts. Strollers can now amble around most of the Old City. The walk is interrupted by the Temple Mount, where Herod's Temple was eventually replaced by the Dome of the Rock, which is under Muslim administration. The wall is surrounded by a national park that is studded with archaeological finds and historic sites. Each of the wall's seven gates will be given special architectural treatment. So far, only Damascus Gate has been fully restored. It has been enhanced by a modern setting, a kind of amphitheater, that dramatizes goings and comings, vendors and human encounters.

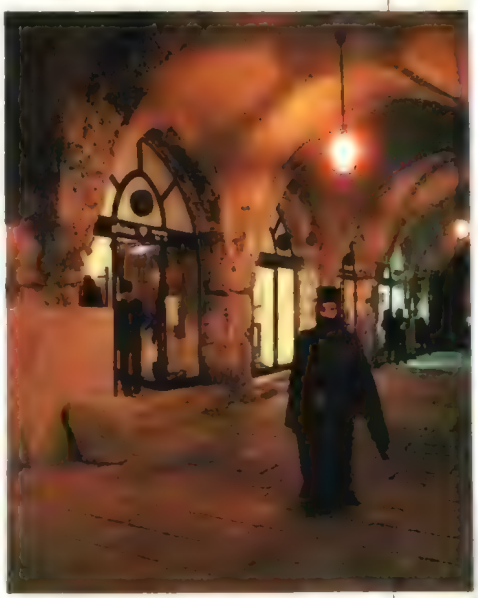
Much of the restoration of Jerusalem and its new public parks, gardens and art works is being funded by the Jerusalem Foundation, established in 1966 as a clearinghouse for donations from abroad. To date it has collected more than $100 million. Its most impressive accomplishment is a galaxy of museums, theaters, gardens, historic monuments and a cinematheque along a stretch of the city wall extending down the Valley of Hinnom, called "the cultural mile." It serves Arabs, whose population has almost doubled since reunification, as well as Jews. The foundation also helps finance some of the city's extensive archaeological work.

Archaeology is something of a national sport in Israel. The most recently completed excavation is a 200-yd.-long stretch of the original Roman main street, called the Cardo. Under Emperor Hadrian in the 2nd century, the Romans made it a grand boulevard lined with columns and shopping arcades. It continued to be maintained under Byzantine rule. In 1971 a plan was devised to build a cluster of town houses and a shopping mall along the nearby Street of the Jews. But when ancient column stubs were found, from both Roman and Byzantine times, Architects Peter Bugod and Esther Niv-Krendel kept redesigning the prizewinning project to keep pace with the digging. The result is a stunning feat of urban design. Shops have opened in the ancient arcades. The great columns lend drama to the mall. Above this living museum are new houses. Nearly 2,000 years are linked by light that filters down from shafts in the town-house courts to the Roman pavement some 30 yds. below. The Cardo connects with the famous Arab market in the Muslim quarter.

Before Jerusalem's reunification, the Jewish Quarter in the Old City was almost totally destroyed. A simple arch rising from the ruins of the Hurva, the most prominent of the old synagogues, is a deliberate reminder of the ravage, and a rebuilt quarter is emerging as a showcase for a new architecture of context. About a third of the residential work was done by internationally known Moshe Safdie, who teaches at Harvard and has done some of his best work in Jerusalem. It is as "modern" as anything touted in the architectural magazines, yet disciplined by the unique constraints of traditional stone, traditional arches and domes, and tight, medieval alleys, stairways and interior courts. Constraints, it seems, free true creativity, in sharp contrast to originality for its own sake. But only 5½% of the total population live in the Old City. The rest live in old residential districts or new communities built on the nearby hills. The most recent new neighborhoods, Ramot, East Talpiot and Gilo, on the outskirts, have also eschewed Bauhaus banality in favor of Jerusalem architecture. That is quite a feat in a world in which most new housing from Alaska to Zanzibar looks distressingly alike.

Kollek's vision is not popular with all factions, but then no idea could be in such a disputed arena. Yet at its best, it tries to pull together this beleaguered city by developing its historic corridors not with freeways that tear up land and divide neighborhoods but with carefully planned "strip developments." They would slowly weave Jerusalem more closely together to make it again an inspiration to the world.

*—By Wolf Von Eckardt*



The Cardo: new shops; below, entrance

New arch on the ruins of the Hurva synagogue decorates modern plaza

# On the Comeback Trail

*The recovery pumps life into sagging companies*

Braniff Flight 200 from Dallas/Fort Worth to New Orleans last Thursday morning was by far the most important in the airline's turbulent history. After being grounded in bankruptcy for almost two years, Braniff was back in business. It took off with freshly painted red-white-and-blue jets, a new major stockholder in the Hyatt Corp., competitive fares, fewer employees and a slimmed-down route system serving 19 cities, *vs.* 49 before. Said William Slattery, 41, the former TWA executive who heads Braniff: "We are looking to direct ourselves in ways that are so basic that they can't be easily countered by any competing airline. We want to project a staid, comfortable, conservative image that is nothing like the freewheeling one Braniff had in the past."

The airline's new self-confidence is typical of several major companies that are bouncing back after being given up for dead. All were victims of external economic problems and their own excesses: too much diversification or too swift expansion or poor relations with their unions. Nonetheless, they managed to find the money and talent to keep going. They are, say Wall Street watchers, the beneficiaries of hard work, luck, a rapidly reviving economy and, above all, a will to survive.

Braniff's plight was worse than that of most U.S. airlines. Nearly all were ravaged in the late 1970s and early '80s by problems ranging from rising fuel costs to competition from upstart cut-rate carriers. Under the brash leadership of former Chairman Harding Lawrence, Braniff began to add planes and expand routes just as the economy was dropping into recession and oil prices were heading for another sharp increase.

By 1982 Braniff was $1 billion in debt and snarled in a suicidal fare war with its archrival and fellow Dallas-based carrier, American Airlines. At one point Braniff asked its employees to forgo temporarily $8 million in pay to help meet other expenses. Then in May 1982, lacking cash for food, fuel and salaries, Braniff became the first U.S. trunk airline to file for bankruptcy. Its planes were flown to Dallas and stored, while its management searched for ways to bring Braniff back to life.

The airline's savior was Chairman Jay Pritzker, 61, of Hyatt, the hotel-operating company. Pritzker and Braniff put together a deal that gave the carrier $70 million to get back into business, while Hyatt got control of 80% of the airline's stock. Everyone, it seems, gave up something. Braniff's workers saw their ranks dwindle from 9,400 to 2,200 and their pay shrivel: pilots agreed to annual salaries of $38,000, *vs.* an industry average of $68,900. Creditors approved the revival plan, as did most of Braniff's unions. Slattery was recruited from TWA. In December the final details were worked out, and the carrier got ready for last week's rebirth.


KATZ—BLACK STAR

**Slattery and Pritzker: a jubilant takeoff after a crash landing**

The new Braniff will again square off against prosperous American, which last week announced that it will begin taking delivery next year of at least 67 new McDonnell Douglas twin-jet airliners. The 142-passenger DC-9 Super 80s are part of a major American expansion drive. The carrier also plans an aggressive program to cut costs and keep ticket prices low. Renewed fare wars and an economic downturn could hurt Braniff, but owning an airline has long been one of Pritzker's ambitions and he intends to stick by the venture. Says he: "I've always flirted with airplanes. It's an exciting thing."

Other companies on the recovery list:

**Pan American.** C. Edward Acker, 54, once the risk-taking boss of Air Florida, was so convinced that he could turn around Pan American World Airways that he made a daring bet. If the airline failed to make money on its 1983 operations, Acker would forgo his chairman's salary of $475,000. Acker won his bet. Pan Am had a slim operating profit of $52.4 million last year, *vs.* a loss of $314.5 million in 1982. Predicts Acker: "We will continue to improve service by every means possible. We are going to move forward with even stronger results in the coming year."

Analysts have heard rosy projections from Pan Am before and have had reasons to discount them. Big, cumbersome and overextended, the once powerful airline seemed on the verge of crashing for a decade. As far back as 1974, when it had about $850 million in debt, the airline held preliminary meetings with bankruptcy lawyers. Everything Pan Am did to make things better only seemed to make them worse. To raise money, it was forced to sell its 59-story Manhattan office headquarters. It bought National Airlines at the exorbitant price of $450 million in 1980, after a furious bidding war with Eastern and Texas International Airlines, but then ran into difficulty meshing National's domestic routes with its own international runs.

In 1981 Pan Am's directors hired Acker, believing that his skill at turning Air Florida from a small intrastate carrier into a profitable, regional airline was just what Pan Am needed. Acker swiftly integrated the staffs of Pan Am and National

Lennox: cultivating labor's good will

and restructured the airline's routes, dropping some cities but adding 24 more. He got rid of money-losing air freighters and put fuel-efficient Boeing 737s on flights in Europe. Pan Am's remaining 28,000 employees (*vs.* 36,000 in 1980) were persuaded to take a 10% pay cut. Meanwhile, the airline poured $25 million into upgrading its fleet of 747s and adding other goodies to lure paying passengers: fancy wines and champagne (including Dom Pérignon on some flights), caviar in first class on long hauls and better food in general. Also planned: a $20 million refurbishing of Pan Am's Worldport terminal at New York City's Kennedy Airport and $40 million for improvements at its facility at Los Angeles International.

**American Motors.** "First, we had to stop the bleeding," said American Motors Chairman W. Paul Tippett, 51. "Second, we had to deliver new products. Now we have to expand in the marketplace." Detroit's smallest automaker has gained ground on all three fronts. For the fourth quarter of 1983, AMC reported a $7.4 million profit, its first after nearly four years of red ink. Losses for 1983 still added up to $146.7 million, but Tippett was nonetheless pleased. "It has been a long dry spell," said he.

Acker: a high-stakes bet on high performance

Tippett: at last, an Alliance with success

Sigoloff: a task for Ming the Merciless

AMC is striving to diversify beyond what it was for so long: a supplier of so-called niche cars for a limited market. Best known: the Jeep, which AMC bought from Kaiser Industries in 1969. Sales of the profitable four-wheel-drive vehicle are phenomenal. They more than doubled, to 16,500 through mid-February, from the same period a year ago.

Tippett believes AMC's future is in its connection with Renault. That link began in 1979, when the French automaker acquired a small interest in AMC. It now owns 46.1%. The companies together brought out the subcompact Alliance in 1982. It was an instant success, and 126,008 were sold last year, or 65% of AMC's total. That helped pull AMC back from losses of $645 million from 1980 through the first nine months of 1983. As Tippett candidly told last year's shareholder gathering, "If it wasn't for Renault, there probably wouldn't be an annual meeting."

Together, the Jeep, the Alliance and a new sister car, the Encore, are finally giving AMC a broader appeal. Previous offerings, like the gremlin-plagued Gremlin and the Pacer, consistently missed that target. The well-built Alliance is also countering the legacy of another AMC albatross: poor quality. Indeed, the company's total sales could rise from last year's $3.3 billion to $4 billion in 1984, a lofty height never attained by AMC.

**International Harvester.** The second-largest maker of farm implements in the U.S., after Deere, was all but plowed out of business in 1980 and 1981. Sales were erratic down on the farm, and losses piled up; by 1981 Harvester had an accumulated debt of $3.5 billion. Recalls Chief Financial Officer James Cotting, 50: "The most difficult time was when I had to go tell the banks, 'I know *x* million is due tomorrow, and we're not going to be able to pay.' " Says he of his company's ensuing comeback: "In my heart, I always thought we would pull it off."

Name an economic problem, and Harvester had it: labor troubles, skyrocketing interest rates, tough competition from firms with lower costs, and poor management. In 1977 Harvester brought in former Xerox Executive Archie McCardell, and then made him chairman in 1979, to pull it out of its slump; instead, things got worse. McCardell was ousted in the spring of 1982. Donald Lennox, another Xerox alumnus, became boss in 1983.

Lennox, 65, smoothed relations with the United Auto Workers, whom McCardell had infuriated during a six-month strike, and got them to accept a 29-month contract that saved the company $200 million. Lennox also consolidated many plant operations, concentrating manufacturing muscle on Harvester's most profitable products, especially trucks. Staff cuts lowered the worldwide work force to 32,455 at the end of 1983, from 65,640 two years earlier. Even office space at the company's Chicago headquarters was slashed from twelve floors to 7½, while the corporate staff withered to 600, from 1,200.

So far, the shrinking act seems to be working. Losses for 1983 were $485 million, *vs.* $1.74 billion the year before. Truck sales are strong, and the farm equipment business is sprouting healthily. The best part came in January, when Lennox told shareholders that Harvester's creditors had agreed to refinance its multibillion-dollar debt. Without that understanding, the company would undoubtedly have been forced into bankruptcy.

**Wickes.** It was plainly a job for Ming the Merciless, a.k.a. Sanford Sigoloff, 53. He earned his Flash Gordon nickname the hard way: turning around ailing companies by ruthlessly cutting, cutting, cutting. Among those he has saved: Republic, the Los Angeles manufacturing and service company and Daylin, the West Coast retail chain, which he led into bankruptcy and then out again. In Wickes, a diversified seller of almost everything from furniture to apparel to gifts, Sigoloff confronted another bona fide disaster, and his largest rescue mission ever. It had little merchandise, not enough employees to sell what there was, hardly any credit and no cash.

Sigoloff's first move after taking over Wickes in 1982 was to file bankruptcy papers and thus protect the firm's modest assets. To Sigoloff, there seemed to be no other choice: in the 15 previous months, Wickes had lost more than $400 million. Its list of hungry creditors filled 3,000 pages with 250,000 claims.

Ming the Merciless fired nearly a quarter of Wickes' 40,000 employees. He sold off 15 money-losing operations, such as North American Video and Wickes Leasing, which had been added during the fat growth years of the 1960s and '70s. The toughest move was closing Aldens, the fifth-largest U.S. catalogue-showroom operator, and breaking the news to its 2,600 employees, many of whom had worked at Aldens all their lives. Sigoloff had sought a buyer for the business, but none could be found. Fearing reprisals for the shutdown, he hired bodyguards for Aldens executives, who even suspected that their food might be poisoned. Said Sigoloff of the closings: "You're paid to make those calls. You're a professional, and you don't fall in love with businesses."

At Wickes, Sigoloff blossomed into a star of television commercials. "Sure, they call me the toughest retailer in America," he says in one ad, blue-gray eyes lasing into the camera. "But you've got to be tough."

Like other heads of revitalized companies, Sigoloff is nervous about the future. "We have put a Band-Aid on," he says. "But all of a sudden, if the economy stumbles, the customers may disappear." So far, though, so good. Sigoloff's goal was to pay off the company's $1.6 billion debt by the third anniversary of the bankruptcy filing, or April 1985. He may beat that deadline handily. Wickes directors last month announced that an agreement to pay back creditors had been reached; the company is expected to emerge from bankruptcy by the end of the year. Said Sigoloff, now riding annual sales of $3 billion from a leaner Wickes, which focuses mainly on the home-improvement market: "Considering the size of the case and the complexity, it's probably a world's record." *—By John S. DeMott. Reported by Allen Pusey/Dallas and Adam Zagorin/New York, with other bureaus*

# Frantically Shopping for Suitors

*Gulf Oil seeks help to escape a corporate raider*

Gulf Oil's headquarters in Pittsburgh is a 44-story office tower that was once the tallest building between New York City and Chicago. Last week the 52-year-old landmark was pumping out a veritable gusher of rumors and speculation. The excited talk was caused by the arrival in Pittsburgh of Robert O. Anderson, chairman of Atlantic Richfield, and George M. Keller, who runs Standard Oil of California. The purpose of their separate visits: to determine, in meetings with Gulf Chairman James E. Lee, if deals could be arranged to buy Gulf, the U.S.'s fifth-largest oil company. A Gulf purchase by either firm could easily be the biggest corporate takeover in history.

Gulf is believed to have opened its books to at least six other potential suitors besides Arco and Socal, including such non-oil giants as General Electric and Allied. (Another rumored bidder: the government of Kuwait.) The firms were shown the confidential data only after pledging not to make an unfriendly takeover bid for at least three years. According to some Pittsburgh insiders, Gulf's board could meet at any time to discuss possible bids. The asking price could be as high as $80 a share, or $13.2 billion. The firm considered most likely to make that offer was Arco, on whose behalf Chase Manhattan bank was assembling a $12 billion line of credit from as many as 70 lenders to help finance any takeover.

Chairman Lee; above, Arco's Anderson; below, Socal's Keller

Gulf is entertaining offers because it is frantically seeking a buyer to save it from T. Boone Pickens Jr., chairman of Mesa Petroleum. Although Pickens lost a proxy battle to gain control of Gulf in December, his group holds 13.2% of the oil company's stock. In addition, Pickens has offered to buy an additional 8.1% of Gulf for $65 a share in a tender offer that takes effect at midnight on March 21. If successful, he might go ahead with his plan for a drastic restructuring of the company.

Meanwhile, takeover rumors swirled about another of Big Oil's Seven Sisters last week: Texaco, which only last month completed its $10.1 billion acquisition of Getty Oil, the biggest buy-out on record. An investor group headed by the Bass family, the billionaire Texas oilmen who already control 9.8% of Texaco stock, reportedly lined up an additional $160 million of financing. That sparked rumors that the Bass brothers were joining forces with Pennzoil, the Houston oil company that was spurned in its bid for Getty, to make an assault on Texaco, the eventual winner.

Those unconfirmed rumors helped push Texaco's stock up $5, to a twelve-month high of $47. Speculation in Gulf stock was equally brisk. Its price climbed $6.88, to close the week at $69.50.

Oil companies have become tempting targets for takeovers in recent months. With crude prices stagnant, the market value of energy firms is weak and some companies are selling for less than the worth of their assets. At the same time, oil executives are discovering that it is often cheaper to buy new reserves than to explore for them. In Alaska's promising Mukluk field, for instance, major oil companies have put an estimated $1.7 billion into exploration, but have so far turned up only a $140 million dry hole.

With its 725 million bbl. of proven and probable reserves in the continental U.S., Gulf is a particularly rich prize. But fending off Pickens for the past six months has taken its toll in employee morale. Says one insider: "There is a great deal of uncertainty, and with uncertainty has come concern."

A Gulf acquisition by another major oil company would present some antitrust problems, but legal experts do not believe that the Reagan Administration would object. If either Arco or Socal buys Gulf, however, the Government might insist on the sale of some refineries and gas stations to preserve competition.

Whatever happens, the biggest winner of all may be Pickens and his backers, who paid an average price of $45 for each of their 22 million shares. The right tender offer could earn them a profit of nearly $800 million. ■

Defense and Treasury Secretaries Caspar Weinberger and Donald Regan with seized computer

# A New Tiff over Trade Sanctions

*Congress challenges the President's power to impose embargoes*

The use of trade sanctions as a tool of foreign policy has almost invariably stirred up political storms. When Jimmy Carter banned most grain exports to the Soviet Union after its 1979 invasion of Afghanistan, American farmers were outraged, and Ronald Reagan dropped the embargo in 1981. Next year Reagan slapped sanctions on sales of technology and equipment to the Soviets in an effort to slow construction of their natural gas pipeline to Western Europe. But American businessmen and West European governments protested so strongly that the President relented and ended the restrictions after five months.

Trade policy was once again a hot topic of debate last week as the Senate passed a bill to renew the Export Administration Act, which sets the rules under which the Government can control exports. In a stunning challenge to the White House, the Senators approved an amendment that would require congressional approval for any embargo of farm products after it has been in effect for 60 days. The House passed a similar amendment in October. The Senate also voted to bar the President from imposing trade restrictions that would force companies to break contracts.

Though he lifted Carter's grain embargo, Reagan opposes any limits on his Administration's right to impose trade sanctions. Warned Republican Senator John Heinz of Pennsylvania, who voted against the measures curtailing presidential power: "The Administration would consider this to be so great an intrusion into the foreign policy area that it is highly likely to result in a veto."

The Senate action follows a House vote last October that approved a different set of changes in the Export Administration Act. Congressional negotiators will meet in conference starting next week to reconcile the two bills.

Relations with South Africa could provide one of the sharpest areas of conflict between the House and Senate. The House bill would bar U.S. citizens and companies from making new investments in South Africa because of its apartheid policy and would forbid American banks to lend money to the Pretoria government. In addition, the House voted to require all American businesses in South Africa employing more than 20 people to desegregate their work places, recognize labor unions, and offer equal pay to blacks and whites who do the same work.

The Senate put nothing about South Africa in its export bill and may be reluctant to approve such sweeping sanctions. Said Republican Senator Orrin Hatch of Utah: "The House bill goes way beyond present U.S. law. I think it does not solve the problems of apartheid, but creates more problems."

Both the House and Senate agreed to keep strict controls on the export to Communist countries of technology that could have military applications. Customs agents regularly seize illicit shipments of advanced computers and other electronic equipment bound for the Soviet Union In some respects, the Senate bill is much tougher on the illegal trade than the House version. The Senate voted to give the President authority to ban imports from any foreign company found diverting sensitive American technology to Communist nations.

Corporate executives fear that the congressional actions could lead to tighter shackles on exports. Said Howard Lewis, assistant vice president of the National Association of Manufacturers: "Each time the Export Administration Act has been reauthorized, it has become more and more a grab bag of export disincentives. This is a worrisome trend when we are headed toward a $100 billion trade deficit this year." The Commerce Department underscored Lewis' point last week by announcing that in January alone, the U.S. merchandise trade deficit reached a record $9.47 billion. ■

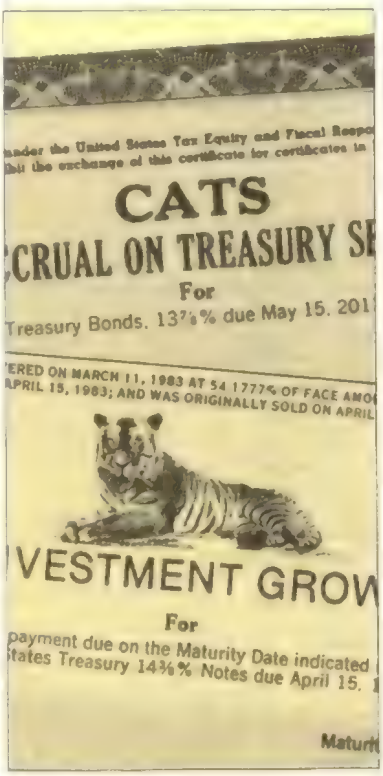
# Zingy Zeros

*Wall Street's hot bonds*

When cocktail-party chatter turns to investments these days, it frequently contains a new buzz word: zeros. Short for zero-coupon bonds, the term refers to certificates that pay no interest for a decade or more but then mature into whopping sums. In just 18 months since the bonds were introduced, Wall Street brokerage firms have sold more than $30 billion. Says Katherine Reed, a bond analyst for Drexel Burnham Lambert: "Zeros are really the rage."

The certificates offer several key attractions. Like U.S. Savings Bonds, zeros sell for less than their face value and are much cheaper than conventional bonds. For example, for $4,000 an investor can purchase a zero-coupon certificate that pays 11% interest and is guaranteed to mature to $100,000 in 30 years. Through compounding, the principal and interest grow into that amount over the life of the bond. By contrast, the interest on a coupon bond is periodically paid out rather than compounded, so the investment does not balloon in value.

Most zeros are virtually risk free because they are backed by U.S. Treasury notes. A broker creates zero bonds by first purchasing large blocks of the Government securities and then offering customers shares in the form of zeros. Consumers can generally invest for as little as $1,000; maturities of available bonds usually range from ten to 30 years.



W. Joseph Wilson, a managing director of Merrill Lynch, thought up the zero option one morning two years ago while taking a shower in his winter home on Florida's Marco Island. Says he: "It occurred to me as the water poured over my head." Returning to New York City, Wilson managed to convince his company that the idea, though untried, was not all wet.

Merrill Lynch offered the first couponless notes under the name Treasury Investment Growth Receipts (TIGRs) in August 1982. The copycats quickly followed. The same week Lehman Bros. marketed Lehman Investment Opportunity Notes (LIONs), and the next month Salomon Bros. offered its Certificate of Accrual on Treasury Securities (CATS).

Despite starting a whisker late, Salomon caught up fast. Of the $30 billion worth of zeros that have so far been sold, the big investment banker has moved about $12 billion. Merrill Lynch accounts for sales of $11 billion more of the securities, while such big brokerages as E.F. Hutton and Dean Witter Reynolds have distributed most of the rest.

Although holders of zeros receive no cash until their bonds mature, they must still pay annual taxes as the principal and interest grow. Result: tax-exempt investors like pension funds have been the main buyers of the bonds. But consumers are also snapping them up for Individual Retirement Accounts, which allow savers to defer taxes annually on as much as $2,000 of income. With this year's deadline for tax filing approaching, many investors have been finding the bonds a good place to put their cash.

Zeros suit other kinds of long-term plans as well. Jay Goldinger, a Beverly Hills investment adviser, calls them "an excellent means to save for a child's college education." If the parents of a five-year-old were to invest $9,440 in a high-grade zero paying 11% interest, says Goldinger, they would have $40,000 by the time the child reached 18.

The popularity of zeros makes them a means of financing the federal deficit. Says Arnold Kaufman, editor of the *Outlook*, a publication of Standard & Poor's: "They're selling so fast that they're helping to support the Treasury market."

The certificates do have some disadvantages. They provide buyers with no annual income. Moreover, like all other long-term bonds, zeros expose owners to the chance that interest rates may rise before the investments mature. Holders needing to sell early could thus find that their zero bonds were worth less than investments with a higher yield.

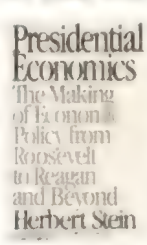
Still, brokers see a profitable future for zeros. Wall Street expects sales of about $45 billion during the next year and a half. Wilson, meanwhile, says he is developing eight new ways to invest in the bonds. That could help make zero an even hotter number than it already is. ■

# Book Audits

### A CONSERVATIVE'S CREED

After flings with Keynesianism and supply-side economics, the U.S. should return to traditional conservative policies. That is Herbert Stein's message in *Presidential Economics—The Making of Economic Policy from Roosevelt to Reagan and Beyond* (Simon & Schuster; 414 pages; $16.95). Stein, chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers from 1972 to 1974, describes how more than 30 years of such liberal standbys as tax cuts and increasing Government regulation helped bring about the runaway inflation of the late 1970s. "By 1980," he writes, "the country was ready for a more radical turn of economic policy to the right than had been seen since 1896—possibly ever."

Stein finds plenty of fault with President Reagan's supply-side promises. Stein, who claims to have coined the phrase "supply-side" economics, derisively calls the theory "the economics of joy." It was never possible, he says, to cut taxes, boost defense spending and lower the budget deficit all at the same time. Moreover, "there had been no radical Reagan revolution. Total taxes and total expenditures were still as large as ever, relative to the G.N.P., and there was no prospect of any significant reduction for years ahead."

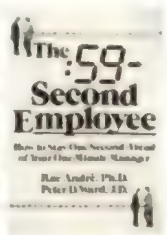



What is needed, Stein argues, is to restrain inflation and reduce the budget deficit through measures like raising the amount of revenue collected from middle-income taxpayers. Stein knows, however, that any consensus for such programs will be hard to reach. He concedes, "The best policy for most is unlikely to be the best policy for all, and those who would lose from the best policy may be able to prevent its adoption."

### MANAGING THE BOSS

One of the best-selling business manuals in recent years was *The One Minute Manager*, a compendium of psychological tips for motivating employees that has sold 2.4 million copies. Now comes *The 59-Second Employee* (Houghton Mifflin; 108 pages; $5.95), a cheeky but seriously intended rebuttal subtitled *How to Stay One Second Ahead of Your One-Minute Manager*.

Husband-and-Wife Authors Peter Ward and Rae André give employees advice on how to advance by skillfully managing their bosses. Workers, for example, should not settle for the brief, face-to-face praisings that one-minute managers dish out. They should ask for the praise in writing, and then use it to help land promotions or higher pay.




Alert employees should also refuse to respond to "one-minute reprimands," another keystone of the one-minute manager, in the way their bosses might expect. After an executive has given a worker a one-minute bawling out, the employee is advised to say: "By being angry or disappointed with me you are really punishing my sincere effort. I would be a much better worker if you would stop reprimanding me and would instead help me learn how to do things right." The startled boss, claim the authors, will probably do just that. But then again, he might tell the employee he has 59 seconds to clean out his desk.

### THE PROPHET MOTIVE

*The Trimtab Factor* (Morrow; 144 pages; $10.95) is a plea for businessmen to take the lead in demanding an end to the nuclear arms race. This new entry in the strategic debate is already generating a lot of debate itself. Author Harold Willens, a Los Angeles executive who has long financed liberal causes and most recently led the drive for the nuclear freeze initiative that California voters passed in 1982, argues that nuclear weapons are the Edsel of the 1980s.

The trim tab of the book's title is the small, hinged section on a ship's rudder that helps to steer the vessel. Willens, a real estate developer and onetime textile machinery manufacturer, contends that businessmen are America's trim tab. "Business is the most flexible and change-oriented segment of our society," he writes, and "possesses inordinate power to influence the direction of our national enterprise."

The author calls the arms race a ruinous drain on U.S. resources that can never be won because each side will spend whatever it takes to keep up with the other. "We can no longer consider the nuclear arms race to be an unfortunate fact of life," he writes. "We must be as objective, pragmatic, flexible and unafraid of change as the decision makers who simply stopped making the Edsel." It is still to be seen, however, whether business executives will become the trim tab Willens wants.


*—By John Greenwald*

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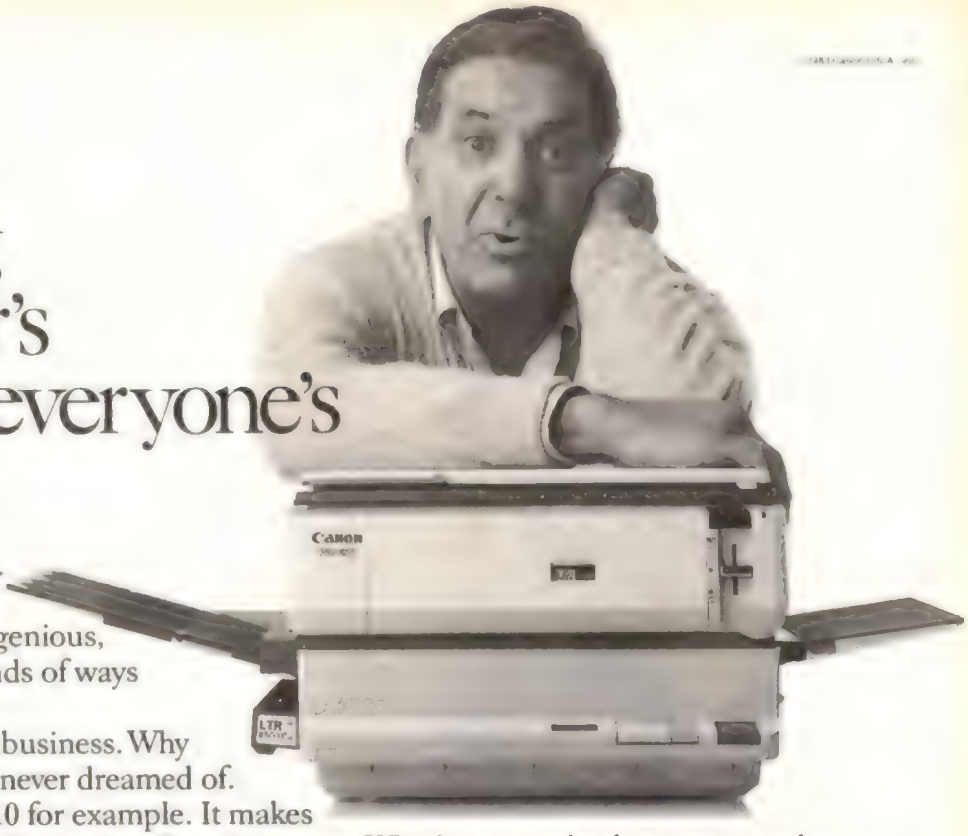


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# A Commissioner on Deck

*Peter Ueberroth lines up work after the Olympics*

The only baseball commissioner with an impossible act to follow was Albert B. ("Happy") Chandler, who succeeded Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis in 1945. "Ol' Hap," as most folks called Chandler then, and practically everyone does still, gave up a perfectly comfortable Senate seat because he imagined the work might be more restful than politics. "As Governor of Kentucky," says Chandler, 85, "I signed 36 death warrants. Two of them were hanged for rape in the courthouse yard." But as he was soon to learn—and as Ford Frick, Spike Eckert and Bowie Kuhn all discovered in turn—the commissioner's job is not unlike presiding at such an occasion while being the object of the exercise at the same time.

**Shoulder to shoulder: Ueberroth will be broken in by Kuhn**

*"I want to learn from him, draw from his experience."*

"Baseball owners," Hap says, "are the toughest set of ignoramuses anyone could ever come up against. They always have been. Refreshingly dumb fellows: greedy, shortsighted and stupid. They created this job in 1921 only because, after the 1919 Black Sox scandal, the American people needed a symbol of complete authority and absolute integrity. But I don't expect baseball ever really wanted a commissioner at all. When the clubs pushed me out in 1951, they had a vacancy and decided to keep it. So they named Ford Frick."

This has been the tone of every turnover since. In 1969, when the owners kindly excused General Eckert ("the unknown soldier"), they hired their own lawyer: Bowie Kuhn. It took him 13 years, but finally he crossed enough owners (in this business, one-quarter of either league is enough) to be fired. Since November of 1982, while Kuhn has loyally hung around, baseball has been seeking a replacement. At least one Governor, Maryland's Harry Hughes, was coaxed into admitting mild interest, and President Reagan's chief of staff, James Baker, was reportedly approached casually. But, even more than usual, the job hardly seemed worth having.

Then last week Peter Ueberroth, 46, the Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee's president and chief salesman, accepted it with a flourish. In the language of aviation, his first enterprise before the travel business made him a millionaire, he countered baseball's offer with a list of "no go" demands. Unless every item was checked, he was not going anywhere. For example, except in tampering cases, the commissioner's fining authority has been technically limited to $5,000 a club and $500 a player. "That's no good," Ueberroth said. "I have to be able to fine an owner a quarter of a million dollars. Somebody has to be in charge. In the past the position has been too reactive and responsive to ownership. The first responsibility of the commissioner is to the game and to the fans—it starts with them. Then to the managers, the players, the owners—no, the players before the others."

His most adamant and unusual no-go requirement involved Kuhn. During the months that Ueberroth was rumored for the job, it was presumed that he would be unavailable until after the Summer Games, but it was not clear who, if anyone, would replace Kuhn until then. Ueberroth made it clear. He would not take over until Oct. 1, he stipulated precisely, "but I want Bowie Kuhn—and no one else—in charge in the interim. Key leadership shifts need transitions. I want to learn from him. I don't think it would be very smart to take over that kind of responsibility without drawing all I can from his experience."

Kuhn had been firm about calling an end to caretaking. "But when Peter put me on the spot—either I stayed or he went—I had to say yes. You see, I'd been for him all along. He's bright, constructive, courageous and tough. Toughness is important in this job. And there are going to be some rules changes that will be very beneficial to him. I'm even faintly jealous. He'll be in a position of very strong power. There may be a tendency to see him as just a business guy, but I've talked to him about guarding the integrity of the game, and I'm more than satisfied. Though he does not have an extensive baseball background, he has an affection for the game."

Back when Kuhn began his watch, someone quizzed him: "Quick, name two catchers on the St. Louis Browns in the early '40s." Without a blink, Kuhn replied, "Swift and Mancuso." But Ueberroth required a moment to think before mentioning Cincinnati Pitcher Ewell Blackwell among his favorite old players. Hesitantly, he expressed admiration for past Cleveland Third Baseman Al Rosen. "I played third, caught a little, pitched," Ueberroth said. "American Legion ball, sandlots, high school. I wasn't very good. But baseball is a sport I've cared about—it's not a made-up thing. I started out a Cubs fan, moved over to the [minor league] San Francisco Seals, then to the Dodgers."

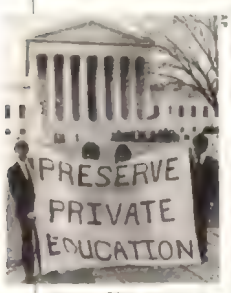
It will occur to some that, in securing his post-Games position now, Ueberroth is ensuring himself against unknown risks. If the Olympics are pleasing and profitable, he will be honored for it. But any number of lethal or logistical horrors could undo his best work. "I warned the baseball owners that they were electing a commissioner who may be the most criticized man in the country for months before he even arrives." Kuhn, in letting himself in for one more season of criticism, is no more reluctant at heart than Pete Rose. "That's the joke," he says. "Here's Pete Rose at 75 still playing first base, and panning over to the commissioner's box, on his 588th monthly extension, there's Bowie Kuhn . . ." He laughed, something he has been doing increasingly. "I guess as the wine runs down, it does get sweeter," he said. —*By Tom Callahan*

# Law

## Gender Slap

*Trimming U.S. oversight*

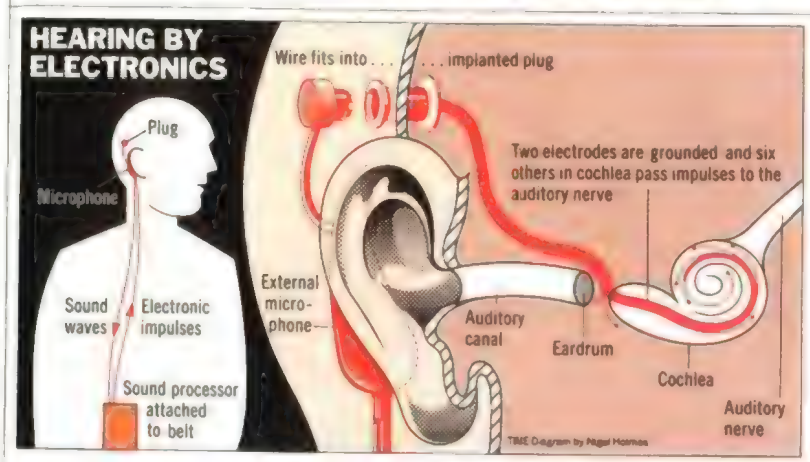
The Reagan Administration two years ago reversed longstanding Government civil rights policy and argued that private schools discriminating against minorities should nevertheless have federal tax exemptions. The U.S. Supreme Court soundly rejected that argument. Undaunted, the Administration last year asked the court for a narrow interpretation of what had been a broadly applied law banning sex discrimination. This time the Administration won. The Justices ruled 6 to 3 last week that the ban on sex discrimination in federally aided education programs does not automatically apply to a whole school but only to particular programs that receive federal funds.



**Grove City protest**

The case involved tiny (2,200 students) Grove City College, a private coeducational school in Pennsylvania that has never taken direct Government funds. In 1977 officials said that since federal grants went to some of its students, Grove City had to state in writing that it would comply with federal regulations forbidding discrimination against women. Grove City denied it discriminated but refused to sign because it was determined on principle to shun Government red tape. Now, nearly $400,000 in college legal costs later, the high bench has ruled that the student grants do indeed constitute federal aid, triggering federal oversight. But the Justices also found that since Grove City's financial-aid program is the only part of the school affected by federal funds, it alone is subject to Government regulation. Writing for the majority, Justice Byron White found no evidence that Congress intended U.S. regulatory authority to "follow federally aided students from classroom to classroom." That, said Justice William Brennan in a lengthy dissent, was just what Congress intended.

Congressional women's rights advocates, led by Rhode Island Republican Representative Claudine Schneider, immediately announced their support for new legislation to reverse the high court. Meanwhile, most women's groups felt a major legal tool had been slapped from their grasp. If some schools now decide to cut back on non-federally funded women's programs, warned Bernice Sandler of the Association of American Colleges, "women will only be able to say, 'That's not nice' instead of 'That's illegal.' " ■




# Success for the "Bionic Ear"

*A tiny computer promises to bring sound to 70% of the deaf*

For seven years, David Columpus could not understand television programs or carry on conversations with friends. Reason: an illness had left him totally deaf. But in 1977 life began to change radically for the former owner of a Michigan glass-recycling plant. He volunteered to take part in an experiment at the University of Utah Medical Center in which eight tiny wires were implanted inside his inner ear and linked to a plastic plug, the size of a nickel, inserted in his skull behind the left ear. On one memorable day, the plug was connected to a large central computer, and for the first time in years, Columpus could hear the spoken word. "When we disconnected for lunch, there was a very dead feeling, a very shut-off feeling," he recalls. "I was affected more by my hearing's being taken away than by receiving it."

Today Columpus is rarely shut off. Last April the large computer was replaced with a microprocessor, the size of a Sony Walkman, that he wears on his belt. Columpus, 52, who now works as a counselor to the deaf in San Diego, has regained 70% of his understanding of the spoken word, although in groups he can decipher only one voice at a time. He can hear music played on a single instrument; orchestral sounds are garbled. This wedding of the computer to the hearing aid is the work of Kolff Medical, Inc., the makers of the artificial heart that was implanted in the late Barney Clark.

Over the next few months, others will be joining Columpus in the joys of rediscovering hearing. The U.S. Food and Drug Administration in recent days has approved the implantation of the new device, called Ineraid, in 20 more people. Kolff will donate the first two devices, but the other patients will each have to pay about $10,000. In addition, implant surgery at the Utah medical center will cost approximately $7,000. Doctors say that the implantation is comparable to root-canal surgery, but pain and discomfort disappear after about a week. Thereafter, the barely visible implanted plug requires no special care. Dr. Michael M. Merzenich, director of the Coleman Laboratory at the University of California at San Francisco, praises Ineraid. "I think that ultimately a very high level of speech comprehension will be achieved," he says.

The electronic ear is not a new idea. The House Ear Institute in Los Angeles has performed about 330 implants of its devices since 1973. But these implants, as well as others done at Coleman, Stanford University and the University of Melbourne in Australia, have met with only modest success in duplicating the complex way in which the inner ear translates sound for the brain. Dr. James Parkin, who is chief of surgery at the Utah medical center and will perform the implants, believes Ineraid would make it possible to restore the hearing of about 70% of the 500,000 deaf people in the U.S. who at present cannot benefit from hearing aids.

These people have lost their hearing usually because disease has destroyed the functioning of the cochlea, a snail-shaped organ the size of a pea. Inside the cochlea are thousands of microscopic cells that transmit sound as electrical signals through the auditory nerve to the brain.

Ineraid duplicates this function. A tiny microphone, worn around the ear, is connected to a microprocessor, which turns sound waves into electrical impulses and feeds them through the implanted wires into the auditory nerve. Six of the wires are implanted in those areas of the cochlea that would normally transmit different frequencies, from high to low. The remaining two wires are grounded to muscle tissue to complete the electrical circuit. Says Parkin: "It's like taking the cochlea outside the head and putting it on your belt." ■

# Monkey Puzzle

*A clue to AIDS is uncovered*

Scientists were excited when symptoms similar to those of acquired immune deficiency syndrome (AIDS) were first seen in monkeys at two U.S. research centers. The possibilities for study in animals far exceeds that in humans, yet researchers consistently failed in their efforts to reproduce AIDS in laboratory animals. Now, nearly a year later, scientists have announced a victory: the isolation of a previously unknown virus that appears to cause the disease known as simian AIDS. The discovery may provide a crucial clue to the cause of the mysterious human disease.

Using an electron microscope, a team of researchers at the University of California at Davis isolated the virus from the blood of monkeys infected with simian AIDS. In the current issue of *Science*, Virologist Preston Marx and his colleagues report that when the virus was injected into healthy monkeys, the animals developed the disease. The virus belongs to a family known as retroviruses, which are prime suspects as the cause of human AIDS. Said Marx of the discovery: "It gives us a marvelous opportunity to understand how a specific virus can attack the immune system and destroy it." The Davis team now hopes to produce a vaccine that will protect monkeys from simian AIDS.

Scientists debating what light the finding sheds on human AIDS have two major questions: How similar is simian AIDS to the illness that affects humans? And why, given the relative ease with which it was isolated in monkeys, has it been so difficult for scientists to find the same kind of virus in humans? There is one known major difference between the two diseases. In humans, the output of T lymphocytes, cells that aid the production of antibodies, is suppressed. This is not the case in monkeys. Because of this, some scientists speculate that the two conditions have nothing in common. Others suspect that retroviruses are not involved in either form of AIDS. At the New England Regional Primate Research Center in Southborough, Mass., for example, researchers have independently isolated a retrovirus in monkeys with simian AIDS, but they are not convinced that the virus is the cause of the disease.

Even so, for many scientists the evidence provides intriguing links. Anthony Fauci, an immunologist at the National Institutes of Health and long a believer in retroviruses as the cause of human AIDS, asserts, "If a disease which is at least similar has been isolated and transmitted by a retrovirus which is similar to the No. 1 suspected culprit in humans, that suggests we can do the same thing in humans." ■

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# Slugging It Out in the Schoolyard

*Manufacturers are scrambling to get to the head of the class*

It looked like an old-fashioned college protest right out of the '60s. This demonstration, however, had a contemporary twist: more than 100 angry students at California Polytechnic State University in San Luis Obispo had marched into the president's office to demand a chance to buy Apple's Macintosh computer at a discount. The California manufacturer had been offering selected colleges its new machine, which retails for $2,495, for resale to students at a price of just over $1,000. Two dozen universities, including Harvard, Yale and Stanford, accepted Apple's terms, ordering more than 50,000 computers. But Cal Poly, citing a conflict with the state's competitive-bidding requirements, had balked, eventually losing out on the limited-time proposal.

Apple's bargain-basement Macintosh offer was by no means an isolated instance in the sales campaign that computer manufacturers have been waging at educational institutions. Salesmen offering incentives and deep discounts are swarming around wealthy school districts. "We are bombarded daily with catalogues of software, letters and phone calls," says Torance Vandygriff, principal of the Preston Hollow Elementary School in North Dallas, which last year raised $24,000 to buy classroom computers. Atari, in a joint venture with Post Cereals, will even swap equipment for proof-of-purchase coupons clipped from breakfast-cereal boxes. The exchange rate: one $300 Atari 800XL computer for every 3,125 boxes of Alpha-Bits.

Behind the company promotions is some simple arithmetic. According to Market Data Retrieval, a Connecticut research firm, the average grade school in the U.S. now owns 3.6 computers, while the average high school has ten. But those figures are likely to double annually for the next several years. At universities, computers are expected to become as common in dorms as stereos.

More is at stake than merely a place in the schoolroom. By installing their computers in classes or on campus, manufacturers hope to ensure after-school success. "The education market is not all that profitable, but it is highly strategic," says Clive Smith, an analyst at Boston's Yankee Group, a market-research organization. "School use turns out to be absolutely key to establishing brand loyalty." Moreover, school sales can generate home purchases. Students working on Apple, Commodore or Radio Shack computers in school often lobby parents to get the same brand of machine at home.

To capture youngsters, manufacturers frequently seed schools or universities, giving discounts on computers in order to get their machines in the door. Such practices date back to the mid-1950s, when IBM gave colleges a 60% markdown on its giant Model 650 computer. The venture paid off when students trained on IBM equipment went on to head data-processing departments in industry.

Nobody has pursued the school market more assiduously than Apple. In 1982 the company launched a giveaway program coyly named "The Kids Can't Wait." Chairman Steven Jobs offered a free computer to every elementary and secondary school in the U.S., 103,000 machines in all, if Congress would subsidize the gifts with increased tax credits. Legislation granting computer companies those tax breaks has been stalled in committee for two years, in part because of the efforts of Ohio Democrat Howard Metzenbaum, who labeled the bill a "rip-off." California lawmakers, however, have given Apple the requested tax benefit, and last summer the company donated nearly 10,000 Apple IIe computers and software (total value: $21 million) to schools in the state.

DIORAMA BY JAMES HAZE

Not to be outdone, Tandy, one of Apple's chief competitors, supported federal legislation tailored to promote its Radio Shack line of computers. Tandy gave books, slides, even special Superman computer comics to schools and made available free instruction to each of America's 2.4 million schoolteachers. "It's good business for us," says Bill Gattis, director of Tandy's education division.

Other firms are joining in. Data General, Digital Equipment, Hewlett-Packard and Zenith are granting college administrators computer discounts of up to 75%. Hewlett-Packard offered to donate ten machines to each of 14 California high school districts, and last month Digital announced it would be giving $1.1 million worth of equipment to 46 schools in New England.

The toughest competitor in the schoolyard is likely to be the biggest, IBM. Two years after introducing its first personal computer, the company has surpassed Apple, Tandy and Commodore in the business market. But thus far IBM's progress in educational sales has been far less spectacular. In primary and secondary schools, Apple still has nearly 50% of the business, compared with 3.9% for IBM.

IBM is trying hard to catch up. Last spring it organized a computer teacher-training program in cooperation with the Educational Testing Service, which produces the Scholastic Aptitude Tests. Last summer the company gave 1,500 of its PC machines to IBM-trained teachers in 88 schools, and last month it announced plans to donate an additional 2,000 computers. Now IBM has launched a $40 million sales and advertising campaign for its less-expensive PCjr directed at both the home and the school markets. "The PC itself was simply too sophisticated and too expensive for the classroom," says Stephen Cohen, an IBM analyst with the Gartner Group. "But now, with PCjr's introduction, it is clear that IBM will be in this field in a big way."

As schools buy more computers, they are becoming technologically more sophisticated. Many are insisting that manufacturers provide quality software and such extras as guaranteed service, training and back-up support. Says Leroy Finkel, a computer specialist for the San Mateo, Calif., school system: "From now on, the companies will have to fight and scratch to sell their machines." —*By Philip Elmer-DeWitt. Reported by Michael Moritz/San Francisco and Adam Zagorin/New York*

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# Music

## Celibidache's Rumanian Rhapsody

*An enigmatic European maestro makes his U.S. debut*

**First movement: Allegro.** *New York City, Feb. 27, 1984.* Sergiu Celibidache makes his way across the stage of Carnegie Hall to a welcoming roar from the audience. He is the very image of a maestro out of Central European casting: formal evening clothes and a cascade of long white hair. After more than 30 years spent in the shadows of a reputation as the least heard of the great European conductors, he is finally making his American debut, not with a major orchestra, but with a student ensemble from the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia.

From the first peremptory drum roll of Rossini's *La Gazza Ladra* overture, it is clear that the brilliance of Celibidache (cheh-lee-bee-*dah*-keh) is no myth. The performance is almost preternaturally nuanced, unfolding with a sure sense of logic and purpose. Even during the patented Rossini crescendos, Celibidache maintains a calm yet iron control, putting the listener in mind of Richard Strauss's dictum that only the audience should sweat at a concert, never the conductor. In the first section of Debussy's *Ibéria*, Celibidache's unerring grasp of detail evokes a Spanish haze that shimmers like the heat off a Madrid sidewalk in midsummer. The cool, nocturnal redolence of the slow movement, *Les parfums de la nuit*, hangs suspended in the air until dispersed by the boisterousness of the finale.

**Second movement: Adagio.** *Berlin, 1945.* The capital of the Third Reich lies in rubble. So does the Berlin Philharmonic; the orchestra's conductor, Wilhelm Furtwängler, has been banned from performing until he can prove himself innocent of being a Nazi sympathizer. Onto his podium steps a 33-year-old music, mathematics and philosophy student from Rumania named Sergiu Celibidache. Despite his lack of professional experience, Celibidache more than restores the orchestra's prewar luster. "A baton genius, beyond any doubt," declares one Berlin critic. Only his former teacher at Berlin's Hochschule für Musik, Heinz Tiessen, fails to join the praise. "My, what an idiot you are," Tiessen tells him. "You are making effects, not music."

Celibidache is shocked into agreement. He rejects a conventional career and becomes uncompromising in his pursuit of a musical ideal: every score must be minutely analyzed, but played as if spontaneous. He disdains recording studios and spends the next decades guest-conducting in Europe and Latin America. No American and few of the great European orchestras are willing to engage him because of his inordinate demands for rehearsal time.

**Third movement: Scherzo.** *Philadelphia, 1984; the Curtis Institute.* Director John de Lancie has worked hard to persuade Celibidache, now 71, to come to the U.S. The elusive conductor still leads an eclectic existence: he lives in Paris, lectures on musical phenomenology at Mainz University and conducts the Munich Philharmonic. The Philharmonic, which he will bring to the U.S. next year, grants him between ten and 18 rehearsals for each program; U.S. orchestras generally allow four. He is no easier on the young American students than he is on professional musicians. Through 17 rehearsals he painstakingly explores every bar without the use of a score, allowing no detail to escape his attention. "How many bars in the new tempo do you have?" he demands of an errant celesta player. "I was taking my cue from the harp," she explains. Says Celibidache: "The harp was perfect. You came in too soon."

His philosophy is at one with his music, and he punctuates his rehearsals with statements as mystical as they are baffling to the young players. "You young conductors, what is the best way to learn something about music?" A Socratic pause. "To go to the wrong concerts. Too big. Too small. Too smooth." Then again: "What is the importance of tradition? None. Of knowledge? None." And yet again: "How can I teach you the right phrasing? I can't. When will you know it? When you are free, like a child who does not know how difficult it is."

Celibidache explains his approach to conducting: "You cannot impose your will on an orchestra. If you do, they will imitate you, not create on their own. They will not be able to see your reasons. Toscanini was a very great conductor, but he was not a great musician." Despite the work load and the stream of mysterious utterances, many Curtis students love him. Says Concertmaster Susan Synnestvedt, a third-year violinist: "He feels there is a truth in music, and it should be discovered."

**Finale: Maestoso.** *New York, Carnegie Hall.* Wagner's *Prelude* and *Liebestod* from *Tristan und Isolde* begin at the very edge of audibility. Celibidache's pianissimi are courageous, and in them, Eros stretches provocatively. Each intense, chromatic line is achingly detailed, and when the climax of the *Love-Death* is reached, the effect is shattering. "Music," says Celibidache, "is a meditation. When it is transcendent, it is as transcendental as a prayer." In the concluding *Scythian Suite*, Celibidache unleashes Prokofiev's panoply of barbaric orchestral splendor. "These American students, they are wonderful," exclaims the maestro. "I ask myself, why just teach the youth of Germany? Why not the youth of America?" He is mulling offers from at least one American university to teach here, and he has a 16-year-old son who wants to go to Princeton. Presto, maestro, presto. —*By Michael Walsh*

# People

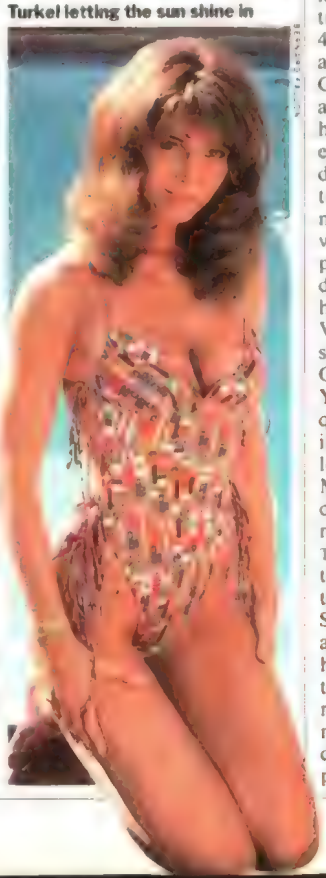
With his haul of Grammys: a Jackson-packed thriller

Advance title: *The 26th Annual Grammy Awards*. By the end of last week's prize-giving gala in Los Angeles, though, it had unquestionably become *The* **Michael Jackson** *Show*. Jackson, 25, nimbly walked off with the gold-plated gramophone eight times, a record record. Among other categories, he captured album of the year (*Thriller*), record of the year (*Beat It*) and best male pop vocal (*Thriller*). The sylphlike Prince of Pop even dominated the show's commercial breaks. His two eagerly awaited Pepsi-Cola ads made their debut during the 3½-hr. telecast. There was an unusual extra thrill for his tirelessly squealing fans when the soft-spoken superstar removed his dark glasses just once, explaining, "My friend **Katharine Hepburn** told me I should do it."

■

Like many a sun worshiper, Actress-Model **Ann Turkel,** 32, used to spend hours working on a seamless, all-over tan, but got tired of "always hanging out naked in my backyard." So she and her boyfriend, Austrian Designer **Hans Buhringer,** set out to find a solution to this two-tone torment. The result, appropriately, is called "the unsuit," available for men and women at $35 to $40 and made with a special cotton material that allows some, but not all, of the sun to shine through. Says Turkel: "I don't know a woman who wants a white bottom and white breasts—it makes them look chunky." Not everyone may be quite so concerned about running around in a bicolor birthday suit. But Turkel is not alone: she and Buhringer have already grossed $5 million.

**Turkel letting the sun shine in**

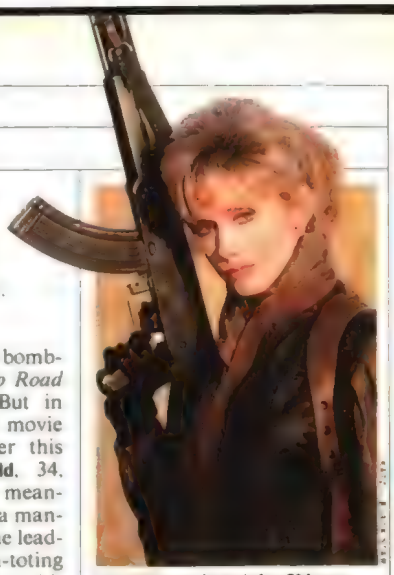


■

She has long been a bombshell, on TV's *Flamingo Road* among other places. But in *Time Bomb*, an NBC-TV movie that will be aired later this month, **Morgan Fairchild,** 34, will add a more literal meaning to her reputation as a man-killer. Fairchild plays the leader of a gang of gun-toting terrorists who attempt to hijack a truckload of weapons-grade plutonium in Texas. "I hope it doesn't seem too Hollywood," Fairchild says. "I have this little porcelain face, and short of taking a hammer to it, there's nothing you can do." Still, the 100-lb. beauty says that she had fun "blowing away" burly Good Guy **Merlin Olsen** with her trusty AK-47. Says she: "It was like the ant who took Chicago."

■

Since she developed a knack for turning big behinds into big bucks, Activist–Actress–Activity Buff **Jane Fonda,** 46, has been speaking out more against flab than against the Government. But when Fonda announced plans to promote her new line of sweats and other workout clothes in a series of department stores throughout the country, a wave of resentment from her political past washed out her personal appearances one by one. Hundreds of angry callers, citing her antiwar actions during the Viet Nam era, detoured her scheduled stopovers in New Orleans, Miami and New York City (though she made quiet, unofficial visits to stores in both Miami and New Orleans). Finally, at Jordan Marsh in Boston, while two dozen Viet Nam veterans carried protest signs (JANE TRAITOR FONDA WE HATE YOU), the new booster of the free enterprise system did her thing. She was just a bit exercised about the earlier experiences, however, saying a sentence that might once have been directed at her, "The very small number of people [protesting] do not represent the way most people in this country feel."



**Fairchild ready to take Chicago**

He has been known to belt out a few bars after belting down a few beers at a pub of an evening, but one morning last week Speaker of the House **Tip O'Neill,** 71, welcomed reporters to his daily press conference with a sober but boisterous—he knows no other way—rendition of *Ireland Must Be Heaven for My Mother Came from There*. The outburst was by way of confirming his aspiration to retire from Congress early next year so that he can be appointed Ambassador to Ireland. That plan, of course, depends on the election of his choice. **Walter Mondale,** as President. Should **Ronald Reagan** be re-elected, the Massachusetts Representative said, he would stay on to fight the good fight as Speaker at least through 1986. Might Reagan make a grand gesture and ship Tip off to the Emerald Isle himself? Not likely. Last week newborn Boston Sportscaster **Carl Yastrzemski** asked the

**O'Neill awaiting smiling Irish eyes**

President in an interview what he would do if it were the last of the ninth of the seventh game of the World Series with the bases loaded and he were pitching to O'Neill. "I'd hit him right in the head," responded Reagan unhesitatingly. A nice line, but if the score were tied, wouldn't the President lose the game?

■

All right, knock off the snickers. This is going to be done straight. **Larry Harmon,** 59, better known as Bozo, "the world's most famous clown," was in Washington, D.C., last week to announce he is a candidate for the U.S. presidency. "I'm wearing glasses because they make me look a little more like a statesman than I already do," said Harmon, who is running in full regalia on the Bozo Party ticket. The native of Toledo, who started on TV some 35 years ago, claims that he got a hankering for the nation's highest office during a telephone conversation with President Kennedy, who told him, "Let us not ask what we can do for Bozo; let us ask what Bozo can do for us." Hold it; stifle that guffaw. The clown is serious about all of this. He really wants to do "something good for the world." But his campaign literature does have one glitch in it, he admits. The slogan "Put a real Bozo in the White House" should have been "Put *the* real Bozo in the White House." O.K., end of announcement. Now those who wish to make their own jokes are free to do so. —*By Guy D. Garcia*

**No clowning around: the real Bozo makes a bid for the presidency**

## On the Record

**Margaret Thatcher,** 58, British Prime Minister: "I don't think any woman in power really has a happy life unless she's got a large number of women friends . . . because you sometimes must go and sit down and let down your hair with someone you can trust totally."

**Edwin Newman,** 65, newly retired NBC-TV correspondent, on a continuing weakness of TV news: "There are too many correspondents standing outside buildings and saying, 'Time will tell.' "

**Grace Slick,** 40, rock vocalist with the 1960s Jefferson Airplane (later Starship), on the apolitical content of lyrics in the 1980s: "If you wanted to write a song that directly affected the problems of today's college student, it would deal with the perils of being a preppie."

The license plates on his silver Cadillac bear the word GRINCH. But no one in his neighborhood of La Jolla, Calif., is fooled. The driver is no grouch. He is **Theodor Geisel,** better known by his flowing pseudonymous signature Dr. Seuss. He celebrated turning 80 last week by turning out his 42nd children's story, *The Butter Battle Book* (Random House; 48 pages; $6.95). An arms-race "preachment," as he calls it, the tale features no grinches, just a confrontational competition between average, everyday Yooks and Zooks who are suspicious of each other because the former prefer eating bread with the butter facing up while the latter like their butter facing down. The Yooks and Zooks devise bigger and more outrageous war machines, until each holds a Bitsy Big-Boy Boomeroo "filled with mysterious Moo-Lacka-Moo" capable of blowing the other to Sala-ma-goo. Says Geisel: "I don't know if it's an adult book for children or a children's book for adults."

The Massachusetts-born author is a long way (100 million books sold worldwide) from his 1937 start. But he still puts in eight hours a day, five days a week at his desk, although the desk now overlooks the Pacific from the dream house he helped design. Geisel, whose nom de plume is an amalgam of his mother's maiden name and a self-bestowed doctorate, "which came from the fact that I saved my father $25,000 by dropping out of Oxford," next plans a nonsense book. He is also working on a Broadway play for adults, and this year Coleco, purveyors from the Cabbage Patch, will offer a new line of Seuss dolls.

Like most of his books, *Butter Battle* took eight months to get right. He bristles at the suggestion that such fare takes less talent or work than literature for grownups. "When you write for kids, if you don't write more clearly and concisely and cut out all the mumbo jumbo, you lose your audience," he says. But the result can "seem frightfully barren because they only want the meat of it." If the idea of a Seuss book being barren seems surprising, imagine the reaction of the occasional young visitor bold enough to call on the Wizard of Whimsy. "They expect me to be a cow with a nose that lights up," says Geisel with a shrug. "I'm too square."

**At home, Dr. Seuss keeping Yooks and Zooks apart**



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In Dallas, Lawton Haygood adds mesquite logs to the fire on his special stove

# Mesquite Comes to Town

*Down-home country cooking is putting on big-city airs*

"Many of our customers like the taste of beef bourguignon, but they don't like the name any more. So we call it country beef stew and sell a lot of it," says Dounia Rathbone, who operates the fashionable New York City catering firm Remember Basil, named for her grandfather Actor Basil Rathbone.

Beyond doubt, country is the most tempting word in food this year, an offshoot of the culinary movement celebrated as the New American Cuisine. For the most part, that so-called new cooking is a recycling of *nouvelle* French, Italian and Oriental dishes, prepared with local products and described in pure American English. The foods most often associated with the trend are the costly ingredients once available primarily as imports: caviar, goat cheese, wild mushrooms and *foie gras*.

Country foods are something else again, not new at all, but rather the traditional daily fare mainly of the South and Southwest, as well as the Rockies, California and New England. The menus of sleek big-city restaurants around the country are full of domestic exotica: catfish, sweet potatoes, pumpkin, molasses, maple syrup and, fittingly enough, plenty of corn appearing as kernels in subtle custards, as meal in breads and pancakes or as just plain grits and hominy.

The pest grows in Texas

The cooking style is usually described in such down-home terms as grandmother, farmhouse and potlatch. But the word that gives away the fad more than any other is mesquite, the dry and scrubby Southwest wood often considered a pest, which has become stylish for barbecuing and smoking fish, meats and even vegetables. Just as designer labels on blue jeans signaled that denim had become upscale, so there are signs that lift country foods out of their humble origins and place them at the top of restaurant price lists.

"Sophisticated rustic" is the description used by Monces Meddeb, a Harvard graduate and ex-banker who is now the chef and owner of L'Espalier, an elegant restaurant in Boston's Back Bay. Charging $40 for dinner before wine and tips, Meddeb ought to know. "You take a fundamental idea and you transform it," he says. "I have an urbane, sophisticated crowd, and the idea is to give them the flavor of rustic cooking while refining it."

Patty Cramer, owner of the Washington, D.C., catering firm with the star-spangled name the American Amber Grain Fruited Plain and Shining Sea Co., Inc., concurs. "Today a hostess can serve chicken fricassee because it's in and different," she says. "It would also be very much in vogue to see catfish on the table, but it would have to be served with bravado. Without flair, simple menus can be misunderstood."

Country foods with brave new descriptions are even catching on in the white-tablecloth restaurants of chain hotels, formerly bastions of Continental cuisine. The American Harvest restaurants of the Vista International Hotels in New York City and Washington are decorated with American handcrafts and the food follows suit. Typical on the seasonal menus of the American Harvests are cornflake-fried zucchini sticks, a creation that would have done any home economist proud ten years ago, and oyster patties that almost surely would have been dubbed *beignets* a few years back.

The company country foods keep on such menus is an example of sophistication by association. At the innovative Hubert's in New York, cornbread gets a new image by being teamed with oysters in caviar cream and with squab liver in chocolate sauce. Similarly, at the Tunnicliffs Tavern on Washington's Capitol Hill, mesquite-grilled chicken is marinated in an *haute* blend of walnut oil, pink peppercorns and Dijon mustard.

As enriching as country foods can be on restaurant menus, their presence does not automatically ensure good eating. As with any other kind of cooking, success depends on the skill and judgment of the chef. At its best, the new taste for country results in lusty, savory dishes. But it can lead to bizarre concoctions like Albemarle Sound Pine Bark Fish Soup, which tastes exactly like the water in which a country ham has been boiled, with perhaps a fish head or two.

Dining sophisticated rustic-style at New York City's Carolina restaurant

In Texas, as in the rest of the Southwest, where mesquite is considered a blight, it has been routinely used for cooking for at least a hundred years, but even there it is becoming a status fuel. The lavish Nana Grill in the Loews Anatole Hotel in Dallas has purchased a special grill, designed to keep heat consistent, for $4,200 from Lawton Haygood, a local inventor and restaurateur. Here the chef turns out pork loin in a Calvados and honey sauce for $12.50 and veal chops on

papaya purée for $17, pricey indeed for Texas. Haygood received more than 400 inquiries in 45 days after placing an advertisement for his new grill in a restaurant trade magazine.

While Texans tend to laugh at mesquite mania, they take its virtues as cooking fuel seriously. "What makes it so great is that it burns very hot," says Anne Greer, a Dallas cooking demonstrator and the author of *Cuisine of the American Southwest*. "It gives out a good moist heat that does not dry the meat. In fact, Texans always have cut it down because it draws the moisture from the earth."

Mesquite grilling imparts a sweet, smoky burnishing of flavor, as one learns by sampling the menus at various restaurants in Manhattan. Used in the form of charcoal, as it is at John Clancy's seafood restaurant and at the brand-new Jams, where the highly touted California chef Jonathan Waxman produces what is basically a short-order grill menu, the mesquite adds an almost imperceptible flavor to fish, though a more pronounced and interesting one to shrimp. When mesquite is used in the form of chunks or chips and combined with other woods such as hickory and apple, as at the romantic Carolina, the resulting flavor is pleasantly woodsy without being identifiable as mesquite. At Hubert's, where only the wood is used, the dusky mesquite overtones are more authoritative, especially on pork, which requires a long cooking time.

Mesquite can be bought in such trendy fancy-food and cookware shops as Bloomingdale's in New York City, Le Jardin in Cambridge, Mass., Sutton Place Gourmet in Washington, D.C., and Curds and Whey in Oakland, Calif. Alan Warner of Le Jardin, who charges around $2 per lb., expects sales to boom when the daffodils blossom and people start to think of barbecues. There is gold in mesquite for wholesalers too. Joe Messina, founder of Mesquite Treat Enterprises of High Bridge, N.J., learned where to look for inexpensive sources while studying at the University of Arizona in Tucson during the late '70s. After moving back East as a mechanical engineer, he read of the wood's sudden vogue and decided to take a gamble on his knowledge. He reports that in Arizona, mesquite costs about $100 a cord, which in dry wood approximates 3,000 lbs. In one instance Messina cleared the mesquite off the land of a grateful farmer free for the chopping. He sells the wood to restaurants in 50-lb. bags at $12.50 for logs, $17.50 for chunks and $20 for chips.

How long can the mesquite fad go on? At least one restaurant owner expresses some cynicism. Says Shelly Fireman of Fiorella's, a huge and hectic three-ring circus of a restaurant on Manhattan's Upper East Side: "About 10% of our main courses are mesquite broiled. It's easy. It's dumb. But we have to keep abreast. Now we are looking for the kind of vine branches they use for cooking in Europe." Fireman apparently intends to be prepared with the next fad, when the mesquite fires burn low. —*By Mimi Sheraton*

# Theater

JOAN MARCUS

**Jeter, Palmieri and Bauer: Karl Marx masquerading as Dr. Hugo Hackenbush**

## Left-Wing *Duck Soup*

ACCIDENTAL DEATH OF AN ANARCHIST *by Dario Fo*

For nearly two decades, Dario Fo has been one of Italy's, and Europe's, best-known satirists and actors. Americans have heard little of him, for good reason. Fo and his wife, the actress Franca Rame, were about to embark on an American tour in 1980, when the U.S. State Department banged the door shut. State invoked the 1952 McCarran-Walter Act in order to protect the country from Fo's leftist opinions. (The playwright is confusing in his choice of enemies: in 1970 the Italian Communist Party stopped supporting him because he ridiculed it—as he did such other institutions as the Roman Catholic Church, the Christian Democrats and the CIA.)

The playwright himself was stopped at the golden door, but his ideas, the quintessential and presumably most dangerous part of him, were free, theoretically, to sail in and raise hell up and down the American mind, waving torches, screaming anarchy. Somehow they do not seem that incendiary. Fo's creations sometimes look like Bertolt Brecht being done by the Marx Brothers. The anarchism savors of *Duck Soup*.

Both frolicsome and mordant, Fo's work is beginning to find American audiences. The Arena Stage in Washington, D.C., has undertaken one of his better-known leftist carnivals. *Accidental Death of an Anarchist*, written in 1970, is based on the actual case of an Italian anarchist named Giuseppe Pinelli. Accused of terrorism, Pinelli is said to have jumped to his death from the fourth-floor window of Milan police headquarters. Fo suspected, and a later investigation proved, that Pinelli was pushed out the window by the police. Furthermore, he was innocent of the terrorist act for which he had been arrested.

It does not sound like promising material for comedy. But Fo has turned the event into fine and unlikely totalitarian farce. The central character is a sort of derelict loon who is a professional impostor. Fo took the part himself in the original Italian production, and, obviously, the Fool is essentially Fo. As wonderfully played at the Arena by Richard Bauer, the Fool behaves like Karl Marx masquerading as Dr. Hugo Hackenbush. He is what the Russians call a *yurodivy*, an elaborately disguised truth seeker, an anarchist-individualist working under deep cover.

Fool-Fo, impersonating by turns a police inspector, a high-court judge and a bishop, leads the local police through what is supposedly an official investigation of the anarchist's death. They (Tom Hewitt as the captain, Michael Jeter as the sergeant, Joe Palmieri as an inspector, Raymond Serra as the police chief) are basically cartoons of goons, the Four Stooges horsing around in the basement of the Lubyanka. Fo's jokes sometimes foozle aimlessly about the room like a balloon that jets on its own escaping air. An effort to give an essentially Italian product some American flavor has produced a dozen badly aimed, almost incompetent anti-Reagan cracks.

In its deeper reaches, Fo's manic comedy is a splendid treatise on the mentality and mechanics of official lying. The play would have had hilarious pertinence if it had played Washington during the last months of the Nixon Administration. But Fo is examining something more sinister than Watergate ever was. Fo is thinking of a dark, sanctioned thuggery—the kind that kills—and of an endless manipulation of the record, the facts of the past dissolving and reforming themselves into new shapes, like that cloud that Hamlet and Polonius discussed. Certain psychological and moral circumstances, Fo knows, bring about an irrevocable extinction of the truth. —*By Lance Morrow*


"I could go for something Gordon's"

The possibilities are endless

A 19th century artist, Nicolo Barabino, depicts the questioning of Italian Physicist and Astronomer Galileo before a tribunal of the Inquisition

# Rehabilitating Galileo's Image

*Pope John Paul II moves to correct a 350-year-old wrong*

During the often stormy relationship between science and religion, no other event has proved so troublesome as the Roman Catholic Church's denunciation of Galileo Galilei. In 1633, at the age of 69, the noted Italian scientist was judged by the Inquisition to have violated a church edict against espousing the controversial Copernican view that the sun, not the earth, was at the center of the universe. For the last nine years of his life, Galileo lived under house arrest.

In an age when heretics were sometimes burned at the stake, Galileo was treated relatively leniently. Still, he became widely regarded as a martyr of science who had been humbled by backward churchmen. Despite some tributes to Galileo by later church leaders, including several Popes, his condemnation has continued to taint relations between the Vatican—indeed, perhaps all religious authority—and scientists.

Galileo: flawed hero

The division has been a matter of special concern to Pope John Paul II. In public statements, beginning with a speech in 1979 before the Pontifical Academy of Sciences, he has said that there are no irreconcilable differences between science and faith. As a symbol of comity, he has made the rehabilitation of Galileo a major goal. In 1980 John Paul appointed a commission of scientists, historians and theologians to re-examine the evidence and verdict.

The panel's initial findings have now been made public. In a series of essays titled *Galileo Galilei: 350 Years of History*, published in Italian and French editions, nine Catholic scholars, including one American, acknowledge that the church was wrong in silencing Galileo. Writes Archbishop Paul Poupard, head of the Pontifical Council for Culture and editor of the collection: "The judges who condemned Galileo committed an error."

Indeed, the essayists argue that his condemnation was something of an aberration by the church's own standards. They point out that the church's attitude toward science then was not as backward as it is now sometimes perceived. As early as the 13th century, French Physicist George Bene notes, theologians like Thomas Aquinas had warned against the danger of literal interpretation of the Bible.

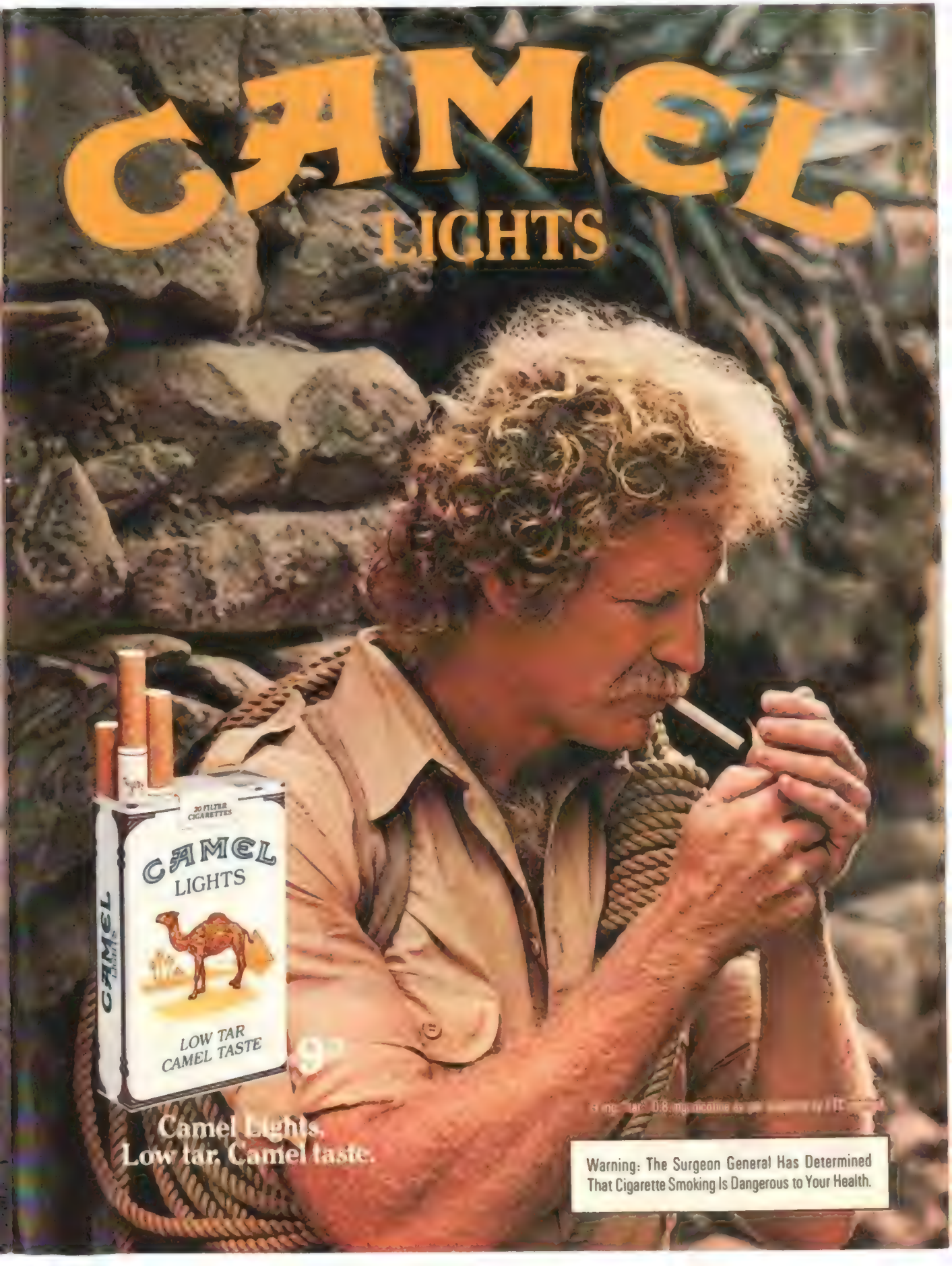
Galileo, however, seemed to court his own difficulties. His discoveries with the newly invented telescope—the mountains of the moon, the phases of Venus, the moons of Jupiter—made him known throughout Europe. But he was a flawed hero. He could be acerbic, arrogant and vain. He claimed discoveries that were not uniquely his: for example, the finding of sunspots, which were also seen by other 17th century observers. He wrote in a highly flamboyant style, scorning a scholarly Latin for vernacular Italian in order to reach a broader public. Among those who felt the bite of his pen were Jesuit astronomers. Some members of their order had originally supported Galileo, but by the time of his trial, they had died off and their hostile successors sharply attacked him as he faced the Inquisition.

Galileo's first brush with the authorities came in 1616, when he received a warning from Robert Cardinal Bellarmine, the leading theologian of the time. Bellarmine cautioned Galileo that the new Copernican view of the heavens should be treated as no more than a hypothesis. For a while the scientist heeded that advice. But when an old friend, Maffeo Cardinal Barberini, became Pope Urban VIII in 1623, Galileo felt confident enough to write his most controversial and, ultimately, self-ruinous work: *Dialogue on the Two Great World Systems*.

The book, written in the form of a conversation between three fictional characters, argued the relative merits of the Copernican universe and the older Ptolemaic system, which held that the sun and planets revolved around the earth. Galileo made it plain that his sympathies were with the character upholding the Copernican view, a know-it-all who disdainfully dismissed his opponents. He made Ptolemy's advocate sound like a simpleton, even giving him the name Simplicio. Into Simplicio's mouth went some of the arguments made by Pope Urban against the Copernican world.

Convinced that the wily scientist had made a fool of him, Urban signaled the Inquisition to proceed against Galileo. The tangled record is far from clear, but Galileo appears to have been found guilty on two charges: he had defied the order to treat the Copernican system only as a hypothesis and, in espousing that view, he was "vehemently suspect of heresy."

As John Paul once noted, the case created in the minds of many religious people doubts about the possibility of "fruitful harmony between science and faith, between church and the world." But arguing that such harmony can in fact exist, the Pope says that the church has now paid a suitable tribute to Galileo by accepting a major contention of the pioneering astronomer: that the Bible does not contain specific scientific truths, but speaks metaphorically about such events as the creation or the movement of the sun. As Galileo said, quoting a churchman of his day, "The intention of the Holy Spirit is to teach how to go to heaven and not how go the heavens." That is surely a credo any contemporary astronomer, indeed any 20th century scientist, can accept. —*By Frederic Golden. Reported by Wilton Wynn/Rome*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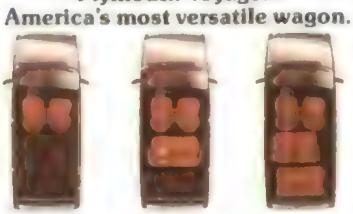

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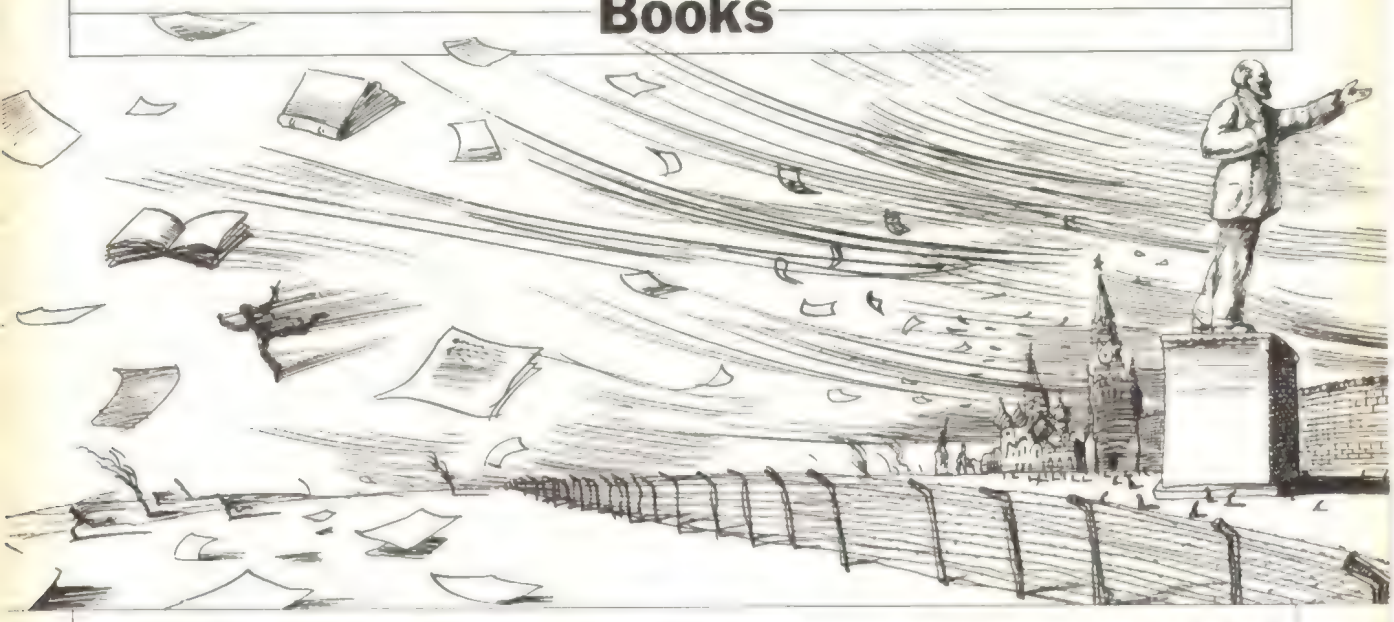


# Soviet Literature Goes West

*A generation of Russian writers is thriving in exile*

Three years after he was exiled from the Soviet Union in 1972, Russian Poet Joseph Brodsky compared the émigré writer to a creature who "survives like a fish in the sand: crawls off into the bush, and getting up on crooked legs,/ walks away (his tracks like a line of writing)/ into the heart of the continent."

In the past, that journey was arduous and often tragic for Soviet exiles, particularly for those poets and writers who fled their country after the 1917 Revolution. A few, like Vladimir Nabokov, joined the mainstream of modern literature and enriched it. A handful returned in desperation to the Soviet Union, only to perish in Stalin's camps, like the eminent critic Dmitri Mirsky, or by suicide, as in the case of the great idiosyncratic poet Marina Tsvetayeva. Many remained stranded on alien shores where their writing disappeared with scarcely a trace.

Now, however, a whole new generation of Soviet exiles is making a happy transition to literary life in the West. Many of the 50 or so writers who emigrated from the U.S.S.R. in the 1970s are turning out works of originality and uncommon interest. Among the Russian books currently reaching U.S. bookshops in English translation, some were novels banned by Soviet censorship. Others were written or completed abroad, in a surge of fresh vitality.

Pre-eminent among the new émigrés is Vasili Aksyonov, 51, who departed from the Soviet Union in 1980 with two major novels in manuscript and a head full of ideas for new work. Since settling in the U.S. he has finished two more novels, both of which are scheduled for American publication. "I've got no time for nostalgia," says Aksyonov in fluent English. He teaches a seminar in Russian literature at Goucher College near Baltimore, and once a week his reviews of new U.S. fiction are broadcast to the Soviet Union over the Voice of America. In addition, Aksyonov and his wife Maya extend nonstop hospitality in their Washington, D.C., apartment to Soviet exiles passing through the capital.

"We've got enough writers here to form a dissident branch of the Soviet Writers' Union," Aksyonov ironically observes. A member of the official union for 18 years and the U.S.S.R.'s most popular living novelist, Aksyonov was pressured to leave the country when he edited an anthology of unorthodox Russian writing that the union deemed subversive. The collection, entitled *Metropol*, which includes an excerpt of a comic play by Aksyonov, was published in the U.S. by W.W. Norton in 1983.

Aksyonov's first novel to appear in English since his exile is *The Island of Crimea*, published by Random House last

Joseph Brodsky

Yuz Aleshkovsky

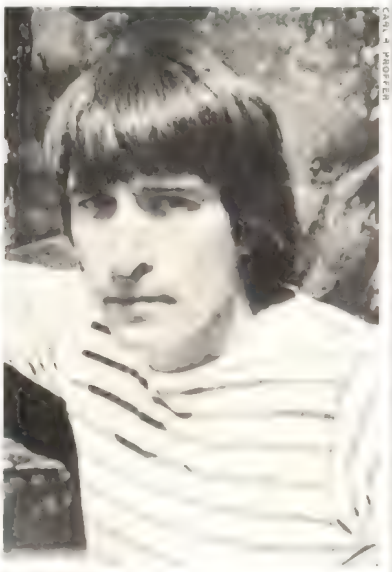
Vasili Aksyonov

Sergei Dovlatov



Illustration for TIME by Eugene Mihaesco

November. In the author's satiric fantasy, the Black Sea peninsula has become an island off the Soviet mainland, something like capitalist Taiwan in relation to Communist China. In broad strokes Aksyonov contrasts the glittering hedonism of the islanders to the squalid austerity that prevails on the Soviet mainland. In Aksyonov's fancy, Crimea is the hog heaven of the conspicuous consumer. Dom Pérignon flows like vodka in the luxury cafés and restaurants. Ferraris and Cadillacs jam the *freeways* on *weekends*. (In the original, Aksyonov used the English words transliterated into Russian.) Glass-and-steel houses cling to the island's sheer rock cliffs, in defiance of frequent earthquakes. In short, Crimea resembles nothing so much as Southern California, where, as it happens, Aksyonov spent two months in 1975 as a visiting professor at U.C.L.A.



CARL & PROFFER

**Sasha Sokolov**

*A wealth of exotic images and associations.*

Aksyonov's romp through nirvana ends on a cautionary note. Though the island's 5 million citizens are wallowing in wealth, they still yearn for reunion with the motherland. Their petition is met with a classic Kremlin reply: full-scale invasion. The bewildered Crimeans can only watch the living-room war on TV until their broadcast facilities are crushed by Soviet tanks.

Beneath the satire, Aksyonov seems to be making a point in *The Island* similar to the one made by Fellow Exile Alexander Solzhenitsyn in his 1978 Harvard speech: materialism is softening up the West for the triumph of Communism. By contrast, there are no hidden homilies in Aksyonov's multilevel, 230,000-word novel, *The Burn*, which Random House will publish later this year. A denser, darker work than *The Island*, *The Burn* reflects the author's searing experience as the child of victims of Stalin's great purges. It also powerfully evokes another subject proscribed in Soviet fiction since Stalin's day: sex. It is a fact of life made frightening and moving by Aksyonov.

Novelist Yuz Aleshkovsky, 54, views all forbidden topics as the domain of farce. The comic artist had to support himself in the Soviet Union writing children's books. Now he has returned to adult fiction with gusto. His raunchiest work, *Nikolai Nikolayevich*, is a Russian *Portnoy's Complaint*. In Aleshkovsky's book, as in Philip Roth's novel, the hero spends most of his time masturbating. The Russian, however, finds an ingenious way to turn his obsession into a cushy government job when a Soviet laboratory purchases his prodigious production of spermatozoa for the greater glory of Communist science. In *Kangaroo* the author satirizes the false and often absurd confessions that were made at show trials during the Stalin era. Here an engaging professional crook admits to the rape of the oldest kangaroo in the Moscow zoo.

*Kangaroo*, which Farrar, Straus & Giroux will publish in June, is a masterly example of the Russian mode of *skaz*, or first-person narrative in the vernacular rather than in literary language. Aleshkovsky, who tells his manic tale in the voice of the crook, displays a phenomenal command of police, prison and underworld slang, as well as Russian obscenity. The writer is currently at work on a novel about a Soviet exile in the U.S. Its hero is a small-time Soviet Casanova who ceaselessly roams the country in a rented car in search of love and lust. He finds both with a succulent female FBI agent who, although she has been sent to investigate him, is enchanted with his line of sexy talk. Aleshkovsky, who teaches a class in conversational Russian at Wesleyan University in Middletown, Conn., says: "I speak foully because the Russian language is being driven to death by Central Committee propagandists, stinking journalists and censors. But they won't kill it."

Unlike Aleshkovsky, Sergei Dovlatov, 42, was a virtual unknown in his homeland. His first work since he emigrated in 1978 is *The Invisible Book*, published by Ardis Press in Ann Arbor, Mich., a small publishing house that specializes in Russian literature. Currently one of the most visible writers in exile, Dovlatov is a regular contributor of fiction to *The New Yorker*. Last fall a collection of short pieces, *The Compromise*, was published by Knopf. The tales are conspicuously devoid of the anger, overt and covert, that characterizes many émigrés' writing about their native country; Dovlatov's stories gently ridicule the obtuseness of the Soviet bureaucracy and the mendacity and corruption that invade everyday life. In *The Compromise* the author comically contrasts the news stories written by a Soviet journalist with what actually occurred. For example, a published report on the funeral of a high Communist Party official ("Above the open grave the solemn words of leave-taking were pronounced") is followed by an account of public consternation at the obsequies after it is discovered that a morgue attendant has put the wrong body in the open coffin.

Some important novels by Soviet exiles still remain inaccessible to U.S. readers. *School for Fools* (Ardis) by Sasha Sokolov, 40, has not gained adequate recognition because of difficulties in translation. Cast in the form of an internal dialogue between the two personalities of a schizophrenic youth, the novel is rich in exotic images and associations that are largely lost in English, despite Translator Carl Proffer's heroic efforts.

*Dvor* (The Courtyard) by Arkadi Lvov, 56, has thus far failed to interest American publishers because of its monumental proportions. Still, the two-volume, 800-page novel has already survived a major hazard of emigration. The author managed to smuggle the microfilmed manuscript out of the Soviet Union by concealing it in the handle of a clothes-brush. Now available in Russian in the West, the book is a masterpiece of modern realism. Set in the author's native Odessa, *The Courtyard* tells the intermingled life stories of ten families that occupy a single tenement house. No other work of Russian fiction has portrayed the everyday life of ordinary Soviet citizens with such compassion and in such mesmerizing detail. Lvov's villain, the local party boss and tyrant of the tenement, is as lethal to the human spirit as any hound of hell conjured up by Dostoyevsky.

Surprisingly, a poet has proved most successful in breaking through the language barrier. Joseph Brodsky, 43, one of

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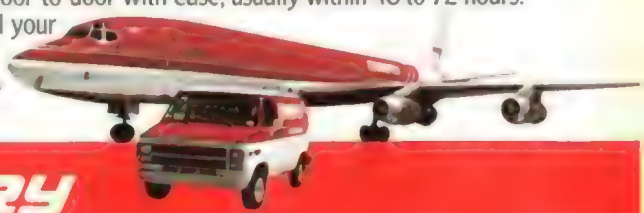

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## Books

the finest Russian poets of his generation, has been rendered into English by such distinguished American colleagues as Richard Wilbur, Anthony Hecht and Howard Moss. Brodsky has even acted as his own translator for two of the poems included in his latest collection, *A Part of Speech* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). Currently a New York City resident, Brodsky has been covered with honors, prizes and fellowships, including a $208,000 MacArthur Foundation award in 1981. Manifestly, he has traveled a vast distance since 1964, when he was convicted as a "social parasite" in Leningrad and forced to serve as a laborer on a state farm for 20 months. Unfortunately, some other greatly talented poets, including Lev Losev, Henri Volokhonsky, Dmitri Bobyshev and Yuri Kublanovsky, have yet to find translators who will help them break out of isolation.

Although women writers have held a conspicuous place in the history of modern Russian literature, they have been slow to find their true voices in exile. But a few, like Playwright Nina Voronel, 51, are beginning to be heard by non-Russian audiences in the West. Voronel, consistently thwarted in her attempts to write for the Soviet theater, has had two one-acters produced off-Broadway. In Israel, where she now lives, two full-scale plays have been performed, and a movie and a TV drama have been based on her scripts. Like most émigré authors, Voronel is still drawing on her experience and observation of her native country. Typically, her dramas have dealt with such grim subjects as a Soviet abortion clinic and an old people's home for Russian writers.

In contrast, Ludmila Shtern's fictional sketches poke fun at some of the gravest problems of everyday Soviet life, including endemic food shortages and epidemic alcoholism. Shtern, 48, who taught geology in Leningrad, has combined her new writing career with selling real estate in Boston. Vastly popular with émigré readers of the *Novoye Russkoye Slovo* (New Russian Word) and other Russian-language publications, her fiction is beginning to break into the pages of little magazines in the U.S. such as *Stories* and *Pequod*. Back in the Soviet Union, Shtern recalls, magazine editors regularly dispensed praise along with the inevitable rejection slips. "Bring me some more stories," one editor told her. "Then we can have another good laugh together."

The two commanding figures of Russian exile literature, Andrei Sinyavsky, 58, and Alexander Solzhenitsyn, 65, have chosen to remain relatively isolated in the West. Following a six-year sentence in the Gulag for publishing his work abroad, Sinyavsky moved to France in 1973 and quickly became a leader in émigré literary and political life. A Paris resident for more than a decade, Sinyavsky has not felt the need to learn French. Though he has written two remarkable phantasmagorical novels and innumerable articles while in exile, hardly any of Sinyavsky's writings have appeared in English since *A Voice from the Chorus* (1976), a superb miscellany of meditations and observations on life in Soviet concentration camps.

Solzhenitsyn, meanwhile, rarely strays from the 50-acre estate in rural Vermont that he bought eight years ago because it reminded him of his beloved Russia. How the author of the magisterial *The Gulag Archipelago* is faring as a creative writer is unknown. All the works he has published since his deportation from the Soviet Union ten years ago have been either books completed before his exile, like the powerful memoir *The Oak and the Calf*, or speeches and articles of a political nature, like his sententious *Warning to the West*. In addition, he has revised many of his earlier books and added long historical

SAHM DOHERTY

**Alexander Solzhenitsyn**
*Speeches, articles and historical revisions.*

sections to his novel *August 1914*.

Recalling the trauma of emerging from obscurity to celebrity in 1962 when his novel *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* was published in the Soviet Union, Solzhenitsyn wrote in *The Oak and the Calf*: "For 15 years I had lurked discreetly in the depths—the camps, exile, underground—never showing myself, and now I had risen to the surface and sudden fame." He concluded: "If a deep-sea fish used to a constant pressure of many atmospheres rises to the surface, it perishes because it cannot adjust to excessively low pressures." Only when *October 1916*, his long-awaited new novel, appears in Russian next fall and in English in 1985, will it be known whether the air of freedom has proved too thin for this great writer. Certainly it has provided the breath of life for many of his compatriots. —*By Patricia Blake*

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# Essay

# Pornography Through the Looking Glass

Television ushered in the new year by cracking what it breathlessly billed as "the last taboo": incest. Liberal Minneapolis celebrated by backtracking a couple of taboos and considering a ban on pornography. One would have thought that that particular hang-up had been overcome. But even though the ban voted by the Minneapolis city council was eventually vetoed by Mayor Donald Fraser, pornography is evidently a hang-up of considerable tenacity. And according to the proposed law it is more than that: it is a violation of civil rights.

Now that seems like a peculiar notion, but one has to read the proposed ordinance to see just how peculiar it is. The city council proposed banning "discrimination . . . based on race, color, creed, religion, ancestry, national origin, sex, including . . . pornography." What can that possibly mean? How can one discriminate based on pornography?

Anticipating such questions, the bill helpfully provides "special findings on pornography." If it ever passes (immediately after the mayor's veto proponents vowed to bring it up again), the findings are destined to be the most famous gifts from social science to law since footnote eleven of *Brown* vs. *Board of Education*.* The *Brown* findings, however, were based on real empirical data. The Minneapolis findings are of a more metaphysical nature. They begin: "The council finds that pornography is central in creating and maintaining the civil inequality of the sexes." If that were true, then it would follow that where pornography is banned—as in the U.S. of 50 years ago or the Tehran of today—one should not expect to find civil inequality of the sexes. Next finding. "Pornography is a systematic practice of exploitation and subordination based on sex which differentially harms women." While it is true that some pornography subordinates women, some does not, and none is "systematic" or a "practice." Outside the Minneapolis city council chambers, pornography means the traffic in obscenity. Inside, as in Alice's Wonderland, words will mean what the council wants them to mean.

The liberal mayor of Minneapolis was sympathetic with the proposal's aims, but vetoed it nonetheless. He found it too vague and ambiguous, a classic complaint against obscenity laws, old and new. In simpler times Justice Potter Stewart answered the question what is pornography with a succinct "I know it when I see it." But would even he know "subordination based on sex which differentially harms women" when he saw it? After all, the new dispensation seems to exclude homosexual pornography. And only embarrassment, not logic, would prevent including those weddings at which the bride is old-fashioned enough to vow "to love, honor and *obey*."

The head of the Minneapolis Civil Liberties Union says, unkindly, that the ordinance "has no redeeming social value." That seems a bit harsh. Set aside for a moment the pseudo findings, the creative definitions, the ambiguities. The intent of the bill is to do away with the blight of pornography. What can be wrong with that?

A good question, and an important one. Over the decades it has spawned a fierce debate between a certain kind of conservative (usually called cultural conservative) on the one hand and civil libertarians on the other. The argument went like this. The conservative gave the intuitive case against pornography based on an overriding concern for, it now sounds almost too quaint to say, public morality. Pornography is an affront to decency; it coarsens society. As Susan Sontag, not a conservative, writing in defense of pornography says, it serves to "drive a wedge between one's existence as a full human being and one's existence as a sexual being." The ordinary person, of course, does not need a philosopher, conservative or otherwise, to tell him why he wants to run pornography out of his neighborhood. It cheapens and demeans. Even though he may occasionally be tempted by it, that temptation is almost invariably accompanied by a feeling of shame and a desire to shield his children from the fleshy come-ons of the magazine rack.

That may be so, say the civil libertarians, but it is irrelevant. Government has no business regulating morality. The First Amendment guarantees freedom of expression, and though you may prefer not to express yourself by dancing naked on a runway in a bar, some people do, and you have no business stopping them. Nor do you have any business trying to stop those who like to sit by the runway and imbibe this form of expression. It may not be *Swan Lake*, but the First Amendment does not hinge on judgments of artistic merit or even redeeming value.

Now this traditional debate over pornography is clear and comprehensible. It involves the clash of two important values: public morality *vs.* individual liberty. The conservative is prepared to admit that his restrictions curtail liberty, though a kind of liberty he does not think is particularly worth having. The civil libertarian admits that a price of liberty is that it stands to be misused, and that pornography may be one of those misuses; public morality may suffer, but freedom is more precious. Both sides agree, however, that one cannot have everything and may sometimes have to trade one political good for another.

Not the Minneapolis bill, and that is what made it so audacious—and perverse. It manages the amazing feat of restoring censorship, which after all is a form of coercion, while at the same time claiming not to restrict rights but expand them. The logic is a bit tortuous. It finds that pornography promotes bigotry and fosters acts of aggression against women, both of which, in turn, "harm women's opportunities for equality of rights in employment, education, property rights, . . . contribute significantly to restricting women from full exercise of citizenship . . . and undermine women's equal exercise of rights to speech and action."

Apart from the questionable logical leaps required at every step of the syllogism, the more immediate question is: Why take

*The Supreme Court's 1954 ruling cited seven scholars to prove that separate-but-equal schooling harmed black children, and led one critic to complain that it thus needlessly gave ammunition to those who wished to see the *Brown* decision not as an expression of civilized truth but as a brand of sociology



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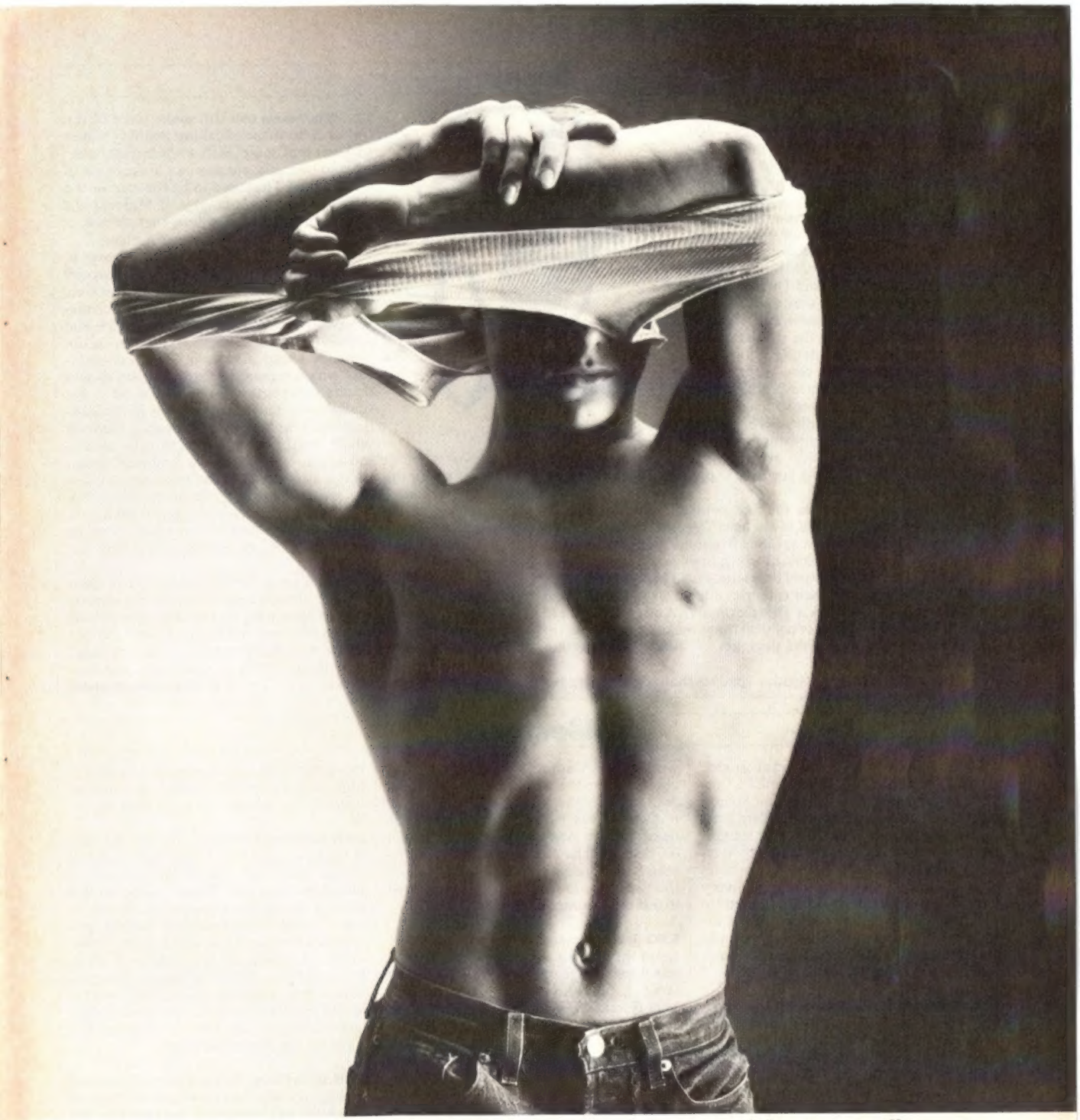

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## Essay

this remote and improbable route to arrive at a point—banning pornography—that one can reach directly by citing the venerable argument that pornography damages the moral fiber of society? Why go from St. Paul to Minneapolis by way of Peking?

The answer is simple. As a rallying cry, public morality has no sex appeal; civil rights has. Use words like moral fiber and people think of Jerry Falwell. Use words like rights and they think of Thomas Jefferson. Use civil rights and they think of Martin Luther King Jr. Because civil rights is justly considered among the most sacred of political values, appropriating it for partisan advantage can be very useful. (The fiercest battle in the fight over affirmative action, for example, is over which side has rightful claim to the mantle of civil rights.) Convince people that censorship is really a right, and you can win them over. It won over the Minneapolis city council. And if to do so, you have to pretend that fewer rights are more, so be it.

Civil rights will not be the first political value to have its meaning reversed. The use of the term freedom to describe unfreedom goes back at least as far as Rousseau, who wrote, without irony, of an ideal republic in which men would be "forced to be free." In our day, the word democracy is so beloved of tyrants that some have named their countries after it, as in the German Democratic Republic (a.k.a. East Germany). And from Beirut to San Salvador, every gang of political thugs makes sure to kneel at least five times a day in the direction of "peace." So why not abuse civil rights?

The virtue of calling a spade a spade is that when it is traded in, accountants can still make sense of the books. The virtue of calling political values by their real names is that when social policy is to be made, citizens can make sense of the choices. That used to be the case in the debate about pornography. If Minneapolis is any indication of where that debate is heading, it will not be the case for long.

That is a pity, because while it is easy to quarrel with the method of the Minneapolis ban, it is hard to quarrel with the motive. After a decade's experience with permissiveness, many Americans have become acutely aware that there is a worm in the apple of sexual liberation. That a community with a reputation for liberalism should decide that things have gone too far is not really news. The call for a pause in the frantic assault on the limits of decency (beyond which lies the terra cognita of what used to be taboos) is the quite natural expression of a profound disappointment with the reality, as opposed to the promise, of unrestricted freedom. There are pushes and pulls in the life of the national superego, and now there is a pulling—back. Many are prepared to make expression a bit less free in order to make their community a bit more whole, or, as skeptics might say, wholesome.

That is nothing to be ashamed of. So why disguise it as a campaign for civil rights? (True, liberals may be somewhat embarrassed to be found in bed with bluenoses, but the Minneapolis case is easily explained away as a one-issue marriage of convenience.) In an age when the most private of human activities is everywhere called by its most common name, why be so coy about giving censorship its proper name too?

*—By Charles Krauthammer*

## Milestones

**BORN.** To **Jerry Hall,** 27, top Texan model, and **Mick Jagger,** 40, untrammeled, untamed lead singer of the Rolling Stones: their first child, a daughter; in New York City. Jagger, who has two other daughters, Karis, 13, by American Singer Marsha Hunt, and Jade, 12, by his ex-wife Bianca Jagger, was present in the delivery room but thus far does not intend to marry Hall, apparently fearing that a divorce would cost him millions. Prenuptial agreements, Jagger recently said, "don't stand up in court hardly."

**MARRIED. Luci Baines Johnson,** 36, daughter of the late President Lyndon B. Johnson; and **Ian Turpin,** 38, a Scottish banker based on Grand Cayman Island; both for the second time; at the L.B.J. Ranch in Stonewall, Texas. Her 1966 marriage to Patrick Nugent ended in divorce 13 years later. This time 300 friends were invited to the reception. "It was small from our perspective," said the bride.

**RECOVERING. Thurgood Marshall,** 75, U.S. Supreme Court Justice; after a two-day hospital stay for treatment of viral bronchitis; at home in Falls Church, Va.

**PRESUMED DEAD. Naomi Uemura,** 43, intrepid Japanese mountain climber and adventurer; after the National Park Service ended an eight-day search for him on Mount McKinley; in Alaska. Three weeks ago Uemura became the first climber to make a solo ascent of North America's highest peak (20,320 ft.) in midwinter, but he lost radio contact the next day and was last spotted by a pilot on Feb. 16. The only remnants found by searchers were his snowshoes, a diary and the two 17-ft.-long bamboo poles he used to test the firmness of snow.

**DIED. Jackie Coogan,** 69, the actor who became the movies' first blockbuster child star when, at age six, he played the moon-faced ragamuffin in Charlie Chaplin's 1921 classic *The Kid;* of a heart attack; in Santa Monica, Calif. The son of vaudevillians, Coogan starred in such vehicles as *Peck's Bad Boy* (1921) and *Tom Sawyer* (1930), and in 1923 was voted America's most popular movie actor. "Other boys went to see Babe Ruth," he recalled a half-century later. "Babe Ruth came to see me." Though he had made more than $2 million by age 20, Coogan was kept on an average weekly allowance of $6.25. When he turned 21, his mother and stepfather, the family lawyer she had married after his father's death, denied him the money he had earned. A court battle left the actor with only $126,000, though the controversy resulted in the passage of California's so-called Coogan Act, which puts all juvenile earnings into court-administered trust funds. Bald and obese in middle age, Coogan never regained movie stardom but charmed a new generation as the ghoulish Uncle Fester in television's *The Addams Family* (1964-66).

**DIED. Richmond Lattimore,** 77, distinguished American poet and classical scholar whose literal yet lyrical translations of Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were widely praised for their scrupulous adherence to the original Greek metrical pattern and syntax; of cancer; in Rosemont, Pa. A professor of Greek at Bryn Mawr College from 1935 to 1971, Lattimore also produced five volumes of original poetry, which earned him critical praise and, only last month, a $10,000 award from the Academy of American Poets.

**DIED. Ditra Flame,** 78, onetime violinist and missionary who was known as the Lady in Black for her mournful visitations to the tomb of Silent Screen Star Rudolph Valentino; in Ontario, Calif. Flame (pronounced Flah-*may*) never tired of recounting that when she was deathly ill at age 14, she was visited by Family Friend Valentino, who assured her she would survive and asked her to visit his grave if he should die, saying, "I fear loneliness more than anything in the world." After Valentino's fatal appendicitis at age 31 in 1926, Flame brought 13 roses to his grave every day for three years and then a single red rose on each anniversary of his death for 25 more years.

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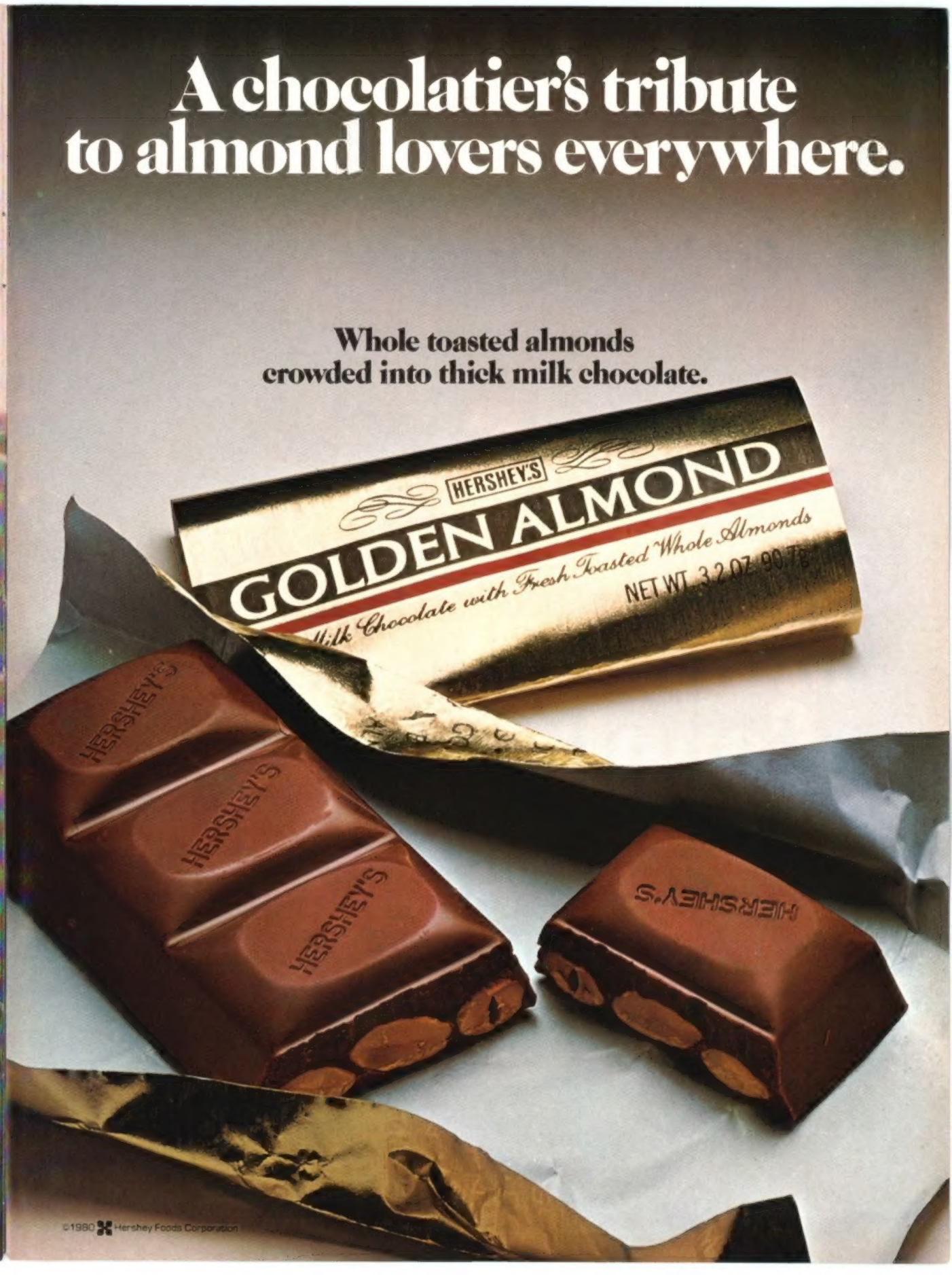


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